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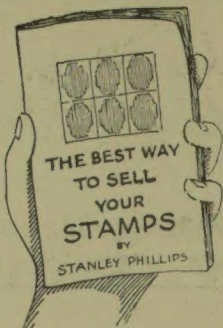
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MAJOR STANTON, Dawlish, Devon

STAMPS for the rapidly developing air-mail services
of the world predominate in the new issues just
now. Brazil has issued a thin strip of a stamp of 100 reis
brown showing a winged man. This has been prepared
for use as a tax on letters to contribute to the maintenance of air
ports in Brazil. A large-size 200
reis blue stamp to mark the visit
of the President of the Argentine
to Brazil in October shows an
Amazon of a lady bearing the flags
of the two countries, over which is
a motto which is translated "Every-
thing unites us, nothing separates us."



BRAZIL: A STAMP
EXPRESSING BRAZIL'S
GOOD WILL TO
ARGENTINA.

Of all the modern Baltic States,
Estonia favours neat little stamps
and manages to get some excellent
designs into their limited dimensions.
The new anti-tuberculosis series of
four values are pleasing in design
and colour. The 5 senti scarlet
shows a patient in charge of a
nurse; a sanatorium appears on the
10 senti light blue and on the 20
senti deep blue; and a floral design combined with
the double-cross symbol figures on the 12 senti carmine.

All are printed over a protective ground-
print somewhat after the manner of
cheques.
Greece sends us a really beautiful set
of finely engraved air-mail stamps in
which allegorical subjects are mingled
with scenes. The 50 lepta green and
yellow shows a pilot manœuvring
his plane over the Ionian Sea. The 1
drachma (wrongly inscribed on the
stamp in the plural) is blue and red-
brown, showing the ruins of the Temple
of Corinth. The 3 drachma shows a
mail-plane over Hermoupolis; the 5, 20,
and 50 drachmas are allegories; and the 10 drachmas red
and black shows a map of the air route of the Aeroespresso
Italiana service, which
now links Greece, Italy,
Turkey, and Rhodes.



GREECE: THE TEMPLE OF "CORINTH"
ON THE NEW AIR MAIL STAMP.

men." The highest value in the regular set is a
beautiful Cross. The design for the two air stamps shows
the Dove of Peace over Rome.

A number of my readers who
entered designs a year ago in
the artists' competition for a new
pictorial series for New Zealand
will soon be able to see the actual
stamps derived from the premiated
drawings. With one exception, all
the pictures accepted were by
artists resident in the Dominion.
The stamps are to be ready early
in the New Year.

Salvador has issued a series of
five air-mail stamps, marking the
441st anniversary of the departure
of Christopher Columbus from Palos
in 1492. These are local productions,
not very well executed by litho-
graphy; but the design is not with-
out interest, showing Columbus's fleet sailing towards
the setting sun, with an aeroplane passing overhead
in an eastward direc-
tion—a contrast between
the first Transatlantic
voyage and the first
Transatlantic flight.



ITALY: THE DOVE OF PEACE ON
A NEW AIR STAMP.

Pole. The design bears a
which are mapped Admiral
Byrd's most celebrated
flights.

For nearly as long as stamps
have been collected, Messrs.
Whitfield King and Co., of Ipswich,
have been systematically importing
new stamp issues for collectors.
Their new price-list of stamps
in sets and packets just issued
for 1934 is in its sixty-fifth
year, and is a compact pocket-
book of 148 pages which will
be of general use to all classes
of collectors. Messrs. Whitfield
King and Co. will be pleased to
send a free copy of their new list
to any of our readers who mention
The Illustrated London News when
applying.



ESTONIA: AN ESTONIAN
ANTI-TUBERCU-
LOSIS STAMP.



ITALY: A HAND-
SOME STAMP FOR
HOLY YEAR.



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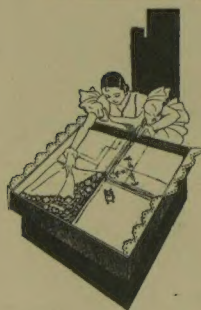
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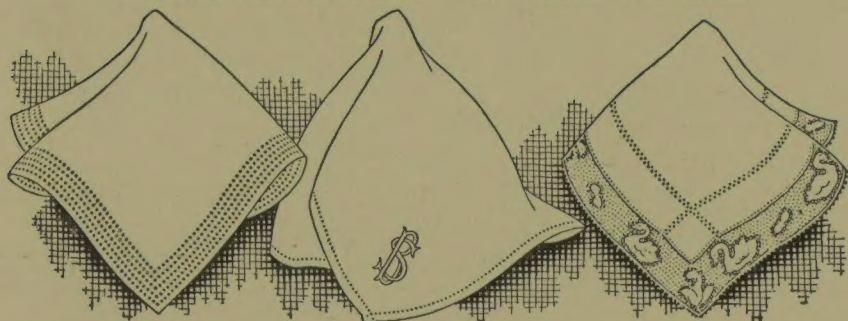
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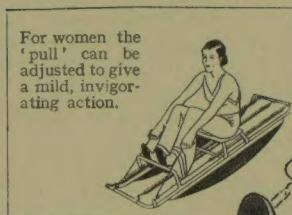
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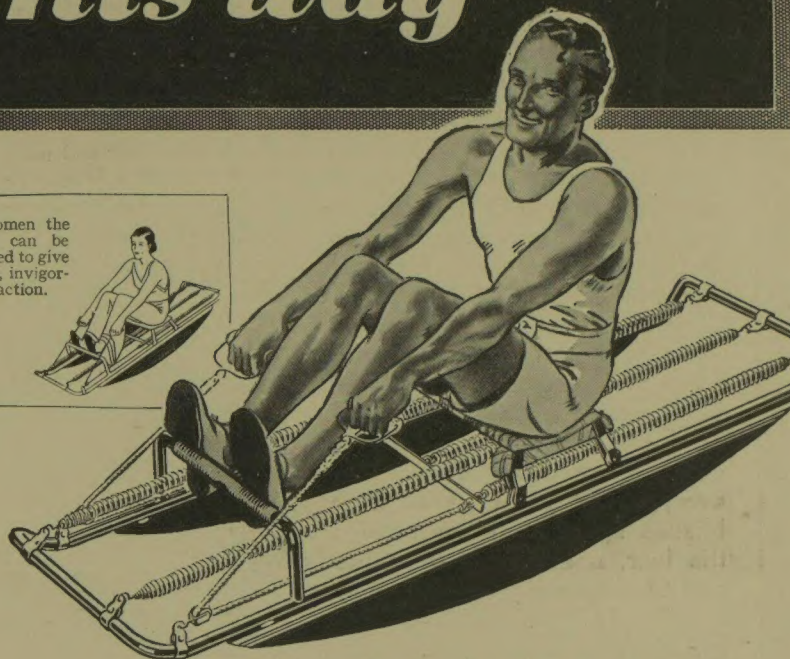
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
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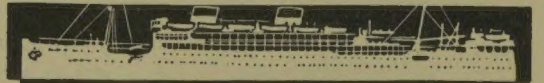
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1933.



THE ORIGINAL BRITANNIA OF OUR COINAGE: "LA BELLE STUART"—THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY WAX EFFIGY BEFORE CLEANING, (UPPER RIGHT) THE HEAD AFTER CLEANING AND (INSET) THE FIGURE OF BRITANNIA ON THE BRED A MEDAL, (BELOW) THE "BRITANNIA" ON A CHARLES II. HALFPENNY.

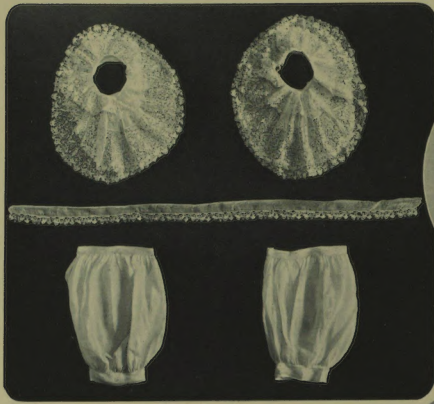
Here and on the following two pages we illustrate the recently restored wax effigy (made in 1702-3 and preserved in Westminster Abbey) of Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, popularly called "La Belle Stuart." She is noted as having been the original model for Britannia on the British coinage. The large photograph above shows the effigy as it appeared before it was cleaned by experts of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The costume is the one she



wore, as a peeress, at the Coronation of Queen Anne. The smaller photograph shows the head as it now appears after cleaning. Inset beneath is the reverse of a medal struck to commemorate the Peace of Breda in 1667. This Britannia thus antedates the Britannia of the coinage. Pepys records his admiration of it in his Diary under date February 25, 1667. Below is another Britannia, from the same model, on a Charles II. halfpenny of 1675.

THE RESTORED ABBEY EFFIGY OF "LA BELLE STUART", AND THE DRESS, WORN AT QUEEN ANNE'S CORONATION.

ARTICLE BY LAWRENCE E. TANNER, M.V.O., F.S.A., KEEPER OF THE MONUMENTS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE FRONT PAGE.)



DETAIL OF THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S COSTUME: (ABOVE) SLEEVE RUFFLES, CONSISTING OF A TRIPLE PLOUNCE OF FRENCH BOBBIN LACE, POINT DE PARIS; (BELOW) SLEEVES OF CAMBRIC.

THE effigy of "La Belle Stuart"—Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, the original "Britannia" of British coinage (as mentioned on our front page)—is one of the famous "waxworks" of Westminster Abbey, and is the latest to be restored by a cleaning process carried out, at the request of the Dean and Chapter, by the authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Two other examples thus cleaned were illustrated in our issues of April 22 and July 1 this year. As on those occasions, Mr. Lawrence Tanner, Keeper of the Abbey Monuments, has again been good enough to supply us with an interesting explanatory note. He writes: "The funeral effigy of Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, usually known as La Belle Stuart, is not the least remarkable of those preserved at Westminster Abbey. It was not carried at her funeral, but was made in accordance with the instructions in her will and was modelled by Mrs. Goldsmith, the famous "Woman for Waxwork," in 1703. It was dressed, as the Duchess had desired,

(Continued below.)



TWO PAIRS OF STOCKINGS WORN BY THE DUCHESS AND INCLUDED IN THE DRESS OF HER EFFIGY: AN INNER PAIR MADE OF KNITTED PALE-BLUE WOOL, AND AN OUTER PAIR OF KNITTED GREEN SILK.

In the peeress's robes which she had worn at the Coronation of Queen Anne. She was the greatest beauty of her time, and Anthony Hamilton said of her, perhaps somewhat unkindly, that "it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit and more beauty." Something of this appears in the face of the effigy, which has considerable charm, though "the Roman nose," which so fascinated Mr. Pepys, is perhaps too prominent a feature. Of all the ladies of the Court, she was the one who obtained the greatest hold on the affections of Charles II. Before she was displaced by an all-powerful mistress, she must have been a dazzling creature, and Pepys more than once remarks that she entirely put "Lady Castlemaine's nose out of joint." She does not seem, however, to have encouraged Charles II., and in 1667, "on a dark and stormy night," she eloped with Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. It was popularly supposed that she was induced to take this step by Clarendon, who disapproved of Charles's attachment, and it is hinted that this was one of the causes of Clarendon's fall from power soon after. After her marriage the Duchess returned to Court, but was content to occupy a less prominent position. She died in 1702. There are many portraits of the Duchess in

(Continued on right.)



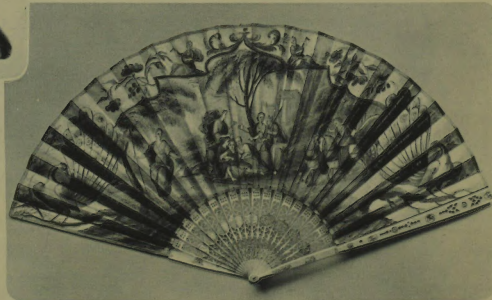
THE DUCHESS'S SHOES OF WHITE KID EMBROIDERED WITH NARROW LINES OF CREAM SILK BRAID AND A STRIP OF GILT BRAID RUNNING DOWN TO THE TOES; WITH HEELS 3 INCHES HIGH: THE "UPPER" AND THE SOLE.



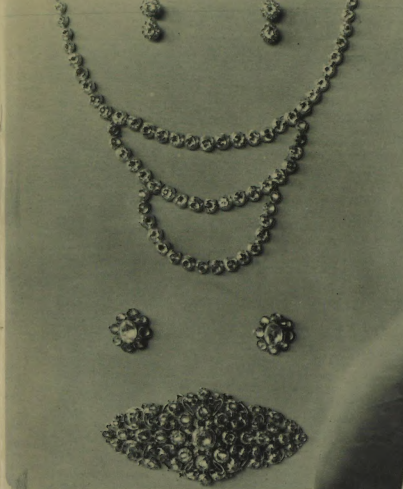
STAYS IN THE TIME OF CHARLES II.: THE DUCHESS'S CORSET OF CANVAS STIFFENED EITHER WITH CANE OR WHALEBONE, AND FORMERLY COVERED WITH DARK-BLUE SILK.

existence, and as the original model for Britannia on the coinage she obtained a post-humous fame. The authorities of the Victoria and Albert Museum have carried out the difficult process of cleaning this figure with the same skill and success which has attended their previous efforts. The transformation which they have effected has indeed been startling. A shabby and somewhat dingy figure has been restored to its former splendour. The most striking feature is the fontange, or head-dress, characteristic of the time, with its bunches of gold braid and jewelled ornament. Behind this she

(Continued on right.)



DECORATED WITH AN UNIDENTIFIED CLASSICAL SCENE: THE FAN (HUNG FROM THE LEFT SIDE OF THE SKIRT), WITH IVORY STICKS TIERCED AND GILDED—A HEEL WHICH IS NOW TO BE FRAMED AND DISPLAYED BESIDE THE EFFIGY.



THE EFFIGY'S JEWELS: (ABOVE) THE NECKLACE AND EAR-RINGS, CONSISTING OF PASTES IN METAL MOUNTS, WITH ENAMELLED BACKS (SEE RIGHT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH); AND (BELOW) THE STOMACHER CLASP SET WITH PASTES.

wears her coronet of silver-gilt, a beautiful example of the goldsmith's art. Her peeress's robes of deep crimson set off well the superb brocaded skirt with its silver-gilt floral pattern on a cream ground. By her side stands perched her favourite grey African parrot, which is said to have died of grief a few days after its mistress. It is

(Continued on right.)



THE COMPLETE WAX EFFIGY OF FRANCES STUART, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, DRESSED IN THE ROBES SHE WORE AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ANNE (APRIL 23, 1702): A FULL-FACE VIEW SHOWING ITS APPEARANCE AFTER THE RECENT CLEANING CARRIED OUT BY THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE JEWELS (SEEN IN ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH), SHOWING ENAMELLED BACKS OF NECKLACE AND EAR-RINGS, PAINTED WITH SPRAYS OF FLOWERS, AND PATTERN ENGRAVED ON THE BACK OF THE CLASP.

quite possibly the oldest stuffed bird in England, and is in singularly good condition. The Duchess was renowned for her love of pets, but the persistent legend that she left annuities in her will to gentrywomen to maintain her cats has no foundation in fact, although the lips in Pope's "Die and endow a college or a cat"—has not infrequently been taken to have been inspired by her."



SHOWING THE "LITTLE ROMAN NOSE" ADMIRER BY PEPYS, AND THE CORONET WORN TILTED ON THE BACK OF THE ELABORATE HEAD-DRESS: THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE EFFIGY, AFTER CLEANING, SEEN IN PROFILE.

"POSSIBLY THE OLDEST STUFFED BIRD IN ENGLAND": THE DUCHESS'S PET PARROT (A GREY WEST AFRICAN SPECIMEN), WHICH "LIVED WITH HER GRACE FOR FORTY YEARS AND ONLY SURVIVED HER A FEW DAYS."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

ALL Christian history began with that great social occasion when Pilate and Herod shook hands. Hitherto, as everybody knew in Society circles, they had hardly been on speaking terms. Something led them to seek each other's support, a vague sense of social crisis, though very little was happening except the execution of an ordinary batch of criminals. The two rulers were reconciled on the very day when one of these convicts was crucified. That is what many people mean by Peace, and the substitution of a reign of Love for one of Hatred. Whether or no there is honour among thieves, there is always a certain social interdependence and solidarity among murderers; and those sixteenth-century ruffians who conspired to assassinate Rizzio or Darnley were always very careful to put their names, and especially each other's names, to what they called a "band," so that at the worst they might all hang together. Many political friendships—nay, even broad democratic comradeships, are of this nature; and their representatives are really distressed when we decline to identify this form of Love with the original mystical idea of Charity.

It sometimes seems to me that history is dominated and determined by these evil friendships. As all Christian history begins with the happy reconciliation of Herod and Pilate, so all modern history, in the recent revolutionary sense, begins with that strange friendship which ended in a quarrel, as the first quarrel had ended in a friendship. I mean that the two elements of destruction, which make the modern world more and more incalculable, were loosened with the light of that forgotten day when a lean French gentleman in a large wig, by name M. Arouet, travelled north with much annoyance to find the palace of a Prussian King far away in the freezing Baltic plain. The strict title of the King in dynastic chronicles is Frederick the Second, but he is better known as Frederick the Great. The actual name of the Frenchman was Arouet, but he is better known as Voltaire. The meeting of these two men, in the mid-winter of eighteenth-century scepticism and secularism, is a sort of spiritual marriage which brought forth the modern world; *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum*. But because that birth was monstrous and evil, and because true friendship and love are not evil, it did not come into the world to create one united thing, but two conflicting things; which, between them, were to shake the world to pieces. From Voltaire the Latins were to learn a raging scepticism. From Frederick the Teutons were to learn a raging pride.

We may note at the start that neither of them cared very much about their own countries or traditions. Frederick was a German who refused even to learn German. Voltaire was a Frenchman who wrote a foul lampoon about Joan of Arc. They were cosmopolitans; they were not in any sense patriots. But there is this difference; that the patriot does, however stupidly, like the country: whereas the cosmopolitan does not in the least like the cosmos. They neither of them pretended to like anything very much. Voltaire was the more really humane of the two; but Frederick also could talk on occasion the cold humanitarianism that was the cant of his age. But Voltaire, even at his best, really began that modern mood that has blighted all the humanitarianism he honestly supported. He started the horrible

habit of helping human beings only through pitying them, and never through respecting them. Through him the oppression of the poor became a sort of cruelty to animals, and the loss of all that mystical sense that to wrong the image of God is to insult the ambassador of a King.

Nevertheless, I believe that Voltaire had a heart; I think that Frederick was most heartless when he was most humane. Anyhow, these two great sceptics met on the level, on the dead solid plain, as dull as the Baltic Plain; on the basis that there is no God, or no God who is concerned with men any more than with mites in cheese. On this basis they agreed; on this basis they disagreed; their quarrel was personal and trivial, but it ended by launching two European forces against each other, both rooted in the same unbelief. Voltaire said in effect: "I will show you that the sneers of a sceptic can produce a Revolution and a Republic and everywhere the overthrowing of thrones." And Frederick answered: "And I will show you that this same sneering

was not the final form of scepticism. The actual effect of what we call democracy has been the disappearance of the mob. We might say there were mobs at the beginning of the Revolution and no mobs at the end of it. That Voltairean influence has not ended in the rule of mobs, but in the rule of secret societies. It has falsified politics throughout the Latin world, till the recent Italian Counter-Revolution. Voltaire has produced hypocritical and pompous professional politicians, at whom he would have been the first to jeer. But on his side, as I have said, there does linger a certain humane and civilised sentiment which is not unreal. Only it is right to remember what has really gone wrong on his side of the Continental quarrel, when we are recording the much wilder and wickedder wrong on the other side of it.

For the evil spirit of Frederick the Great has produced, not only all other evils, but what might seem the very opposite evil. He who worshipped nothing has become a god who is quite blindly worshipped. He who cared nothing for Germany has become the battle-cry of madmen who care for nothing except Germany. He who was a cold cosmopolitan has heated seven times a hell of narrow national and tribal fury which at this moment menaces mankind with a war that may be the end of the world. But the root of both perversions is in the common ground of atheist irresponsibility; there was nothing to stop the sceptic from turning democracy into secrecy; there was nothing to stop him interpreting liberty as the infinite licence of tyranny. The spiritual zero of Christendom was at that freezing instant when those two dry, thin, hatchet-faced men looked in each other's hollow eyes and saw the sneer that was as eternal as the smile of a skull. Between them, they have nearly killed the thing by which we live.

These two points of peril or centres of unrest, the intellectual unrest of the Latins and the very unintellectual unrest of the Teutons, do doubtless both contribute to the instability of international relations, and threaten us all the more because they threaten each other. But when we have made every allowance for there being, in that sense, dangers on both sides, the main modern fact emerges that the danger is mostly on one side, and that we have long been taught to look for it only on the other side. Much of Western opinion, especially English and

American, has been trained to have a vague horror of Voltaire, often combined with a still vaguer respect for Frederick. No Wesleyans are likely to confuse Wesley with Voltaire. No Primitive Methodist is under the impression that Voltaire was a Primitive Methodist. But many such Protestant ministers really were under the impression that Frederick the Great was a Protestant Hero. None of them realised that Frederick was the greater atheist of the two. None of them certainly foresaw that Frederick, in the long run, would turn out to be the greater anarchist of the two. In short, nobody foresaw what everybody afterwards saw: the French Republic becoming a conservative force, and the Prussian Kingdom a purely destructive and lawless force. Victorians like Carlyle actually talked about pious Prussia, as if Blücher had been a saint or Moltke a mystic. General Göring may be trusted to teach us better, till we learn at last that nothing is so anarchical as discipline divorced from authority; that is, from right.



THE COLOURED PRESENTATION PLATE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS": "THE COCKCROW THAT SAVED A BRITISH SHIP: IN THE 'MARLBOROUGH' ON THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE."—BY A. D. MCCORMICK, R.I.

The Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News" is now on sale and should be bought at once before the supply is exhausted. The Presentation Plate, which is in full colours, is particularly good, and is attracting much attention, not only because of its excellence as a picture, but because the incident it illustrates is one of the classic stories of the British Navy. Included in the issue are many fine pages in colours; notably "A Painter's Vision of Wagner: 'The Ring,'" by Segrelles; reproductions of quaint paintings in the "Livre d'Amis" of Marguerite de Valois; "The Old Roads of Britain"; and Seago circus pictures used to illustrate Lady Eleanor Smith's "Inside the Ring Fence." Cecil Aldin is represented by two of his best dog studies—"The Good Boy" and "The Bad Boy." The fiction is headed by "Bitter Variance"; four short stories, by Carola Oman, which deal in most dramatic fashion with a family feud as it blazes up during the Christmastides of 1471, 1671, 1744, and as it ends in the only possible way in the present.

A Miniature Reproduction of the Original Plate, which Measures 18½ inches by 14½ over all.

scepticism can be used as easily to resist Reform, let alone Revolution; that scepticism can be the basis of support for the most tyrannical of thrones, for the bare brute domination of a master over his slaves." So they said farewell, and have since been sundered by two centuries of war; they said farewell, but presumably did not say "adieu."

Of every such evil seed it may be noted that the seed is different from the flower, and the flower from the fruit. A demon of distortion always twists it even out of its own unnatural nature. It may turn into almost anything, except anything really good. It is, to use the playful term of affection which Professor Freud applies to his baby, "a polymorphous pervers." These things not only do not produce the special good they promise; they do not produce even the special evil they threaten. The Voltairean revolt promised to produce, and even began to produce, the rise of mobs and overthrow of thrones; but it

FIGHTING IN HAVANA.

On the morning of November 8 new disturbances broke out in Cuba, and for two days bombing and shooting were general throughout the city of Havana and its suburbs. Martial law was proclaimed throughout the country. On this occasion the revolutionary A.B.C. organisation, backed by former military officers, tried in vain to overthrow President Grau San Martin and his Administration. The insurgents seized a number of key positions in Havana, among them the police headquarters, from which they bombarded the Presidential Palace. Colonel Batista (the former sergeant who led the mutiny which overthrew Dr. de Cespedes and paved the way for the present Government) himself led the attack on the Atares fortress, a rebel stronghold, and it surrendered, with 1500 insurgents, on November 9. This practically ended the revolt. It was reported that in the two days' fighting the casualties on both sides amounted to 150 killed and about 300 wounded. Among the killed was the notorious rebel leader, ex-Colonel Juan Blas Hernandez, who for two years conducted an active campaign in the interior against the Machado Government.



CUBAN GOVERNMENT TROOPS, BEHIND A CONCRETE BARRICADE, FIRING ON INSURGENTS IN THE ATARES FORTRESS: THE A.B.C. ORGANISATION'S UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW PRESIDENT SAN MARTIN'S GOVERNMENT.



HAVANA POLICE HEADQUARTERS, ONE OF THE POSITIONS SEIZED BY THE INSURGENTS ON THE OUTBREAK OF THEIR REVOLT: A CROWD OF LOYAL CITIZENS OUTSIDE, AFTER THE REBELS HAD BEEN DRIVEN OUT BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS.



MARKS OF FIGHTING AT THE ENTRANCE TO HAVANA POLICE HEADQUARTERS; WITH A DAMAGED CAR WHICH STOOD THERE THROUGHOUT THE "BATTLE": THE END OF THE ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT.

A "LIVING TORPEDO."



A DRAWING BY A GERMAN ARTIST OF A REPORTED JAPANESE INVENTION: A TORPEDO DIRECTED BY A LIVING PILOT INSIDE IT—SAILORS STRAPPING DOWN THE PILOT AND CLOSING THE LID.



PREPARING THE "LIVING TORPEDO" FOR ACTION: THE TORPEDO WHOSE PILOT GOES TO CERTAIN DEATH IF HE SUCCEEDS IN DIRECTING HIS STRANGE WEAPON TO ITS MARK.



THE LIVING PILOT, WITH THE AID OF A PERISCOPE, STEERING THE TORPEDO TO ITS MARK AS IT TRAVELS AT FULL SPEED: A GERMAN ARTIST'S DRAWING AFTER A NEWSPAPER REPORT.

These drawings, by K. Wendler, follow a newspaper report that a torpedo with room for a pilot inside has been invented in Japan; and that the Japanese Ministry of War is investigating the invention and has, in fact, called for volunteers for trials. When the torpedo is used in war, success on the pilot's part presumably means certain death for him; in trials he has apparently a chance of survival, with the odds heavily on death. It is said, nevertheless, that when four hundred volunteers were called for from among the young reserve officers, five thousand came forward. We do not know how much truth there may be in the report of this invention. All that can be said is that the story is more plausible coming from Japan—the nation, above all others, where patriotism is fanatical—than it would be from elsewhere. No doubt the invention would be effective. It is hard enough to avoid ordinary torpedoes even when they are seen coming; but to be pursued by an intelligent torpedo would be a nightmare for the captain of any ship. Whether the idea is really practical, or merely an inventor's fantasy, Time alone can show—if trials are, in fact, held.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

AN UP-TO-DATE PUCK: FRED ASTAIRE.

At first you are not impressed. He comes in to his friend the lawyer, who is dressed spick and span, in a loutish way. His clothes are banal and none too well chosen; he keeps his hat on, and generally disports himself in a somewhat clumsy manner. Off-hand you would say: a "drummer" bent on business, with doubtful manners and not much to look at. But wait. All of a sudden you forget the first impression. You are riveted



THE FILM OF "BERKELEY SQUARE," WHICH HAD ITS PREMIERE ON NOVEMBER 19 AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION: LESLIE HOWARD AS PETER STANDISH—THE YOUNG AMERICAN WHO FINDS HIMSELF TRANSPORTED BACK TO THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—IN FRONT OF HIS PORTRAIT.

by his laughing eyes; by his smile, illuminated with intelligence; by the gradual unbolstering of his manner; by many little details, too varied to relate, that reveal an impish soul in an Everyman's body. And that is but his first attack on your attention. Wait till he dances, first solo, then with the gay lady who in this mish-mash of a musical comedy called "Gay Divorce" is the queen of his heart, but also the cricket-ball of his muscular power, the willing victim of a rare game of battledore and shuttlecock. Fred Astaire dances like nobody else. As he leads off with strange curbs of feet and legs, you think of the many gigolos whom you encounter at the Pavilion in Mr. Southern's excellent kaleidoscopic programme. Grand acrobacy, you say—nothing more than that—it is a question of patience, practice, flexibility. But there is something in those feet that means more than a *tour de force*. Those nimble, graceful, volatile feet are voluble in their evolutions. They convey something; they accentuate, as it were, the dialogue, render it more apt and telling. Again, when he dances with the charming, doll-like Claire Luce, and whirls and hurtles her about as if she were a mere elastic mummy, pressing, as it were, the last drop of vitality out of her, so that at the end of the gyration she is panting for breath, there is, despite the untoward roughness, a tender feeling in his method; an ecstasy at the girl's nimbleness of limb, at the undulation of her flexible body; a restrained passion that he will reserve till later, when the play (such as it is) approaches solution, and all's well that ends well.

Thus the apache handles his *mome*; but mark the difference. The apache revels in sadism; Mr. Astaire, a real artist, merely conjures up make-believe. In his wildest moments in the duets which he dances with Miss Luce there is the gentle smile that dulcifies the vertiginous movement, the uncanny eloquence of his feet that tell the love-story in a unique fashion—something akin to the fingering language of the deaf and dumb in humorous vein. And yet another gift is Mr. Astaire's own—the art of the *disneur*—the art of electrifying his audience by singing a song with a mere semblance of a voice. It is a case of diction triumphing over melody. The melody—and one

of the tunes is really charming—is a mere vehicle; the text as uttered, feelingly, passionately, appealingly, aye, witchingly, is the driving force. The gallery rose to frenzy; in the stalls women in *schwärmerisch* glances betokened beatitude. Here was a Puck revealing a great stage-lover, a comedian, a *jeune premier*, a man of the world, commanding all the secrets of caressing, unostentatiously, but full of graceful insinuation. True, despite Miss Luce's charm, we missed something of the pristine fascination which rendered the duets of Fred Astaire and his sister Adèle indescribably attractive. When they worked together, it was as if twin souls created perfect harmony. For she was in every way his partner and his foil. The former Miss Astaire was a melodious *ingénue* in the fullest sense of the word—an artist by sheer intuition—whilst Miss Luce is more an adept by technical equipment. It is a differentiation in temperament. We feel that Mr. Astaire in some ways misses his *alter ego*. But then, Miss Adèle Astaire was unsurpassed in her own line. She was the embodiment of the joy of life, and all she did, whether she acted, sang, or whirled in the arms of her brother, was poetry and humour in motion. Neither in America nor in England has the equal been found of her peculiar art. Still, Mr. Fred Astaire remains the life and soul of this irresponsible medley at the Palace. So long as he is on the stage, and flits, like Puck, hither and thither with indefatigable zest, the play is a joyful frolic, and when it is all over the mercurial personality of Fred Astaire alone survives for many a day to come.

"HOW D' YOU DO?"; AND NEW PLAYS.

It is good for us to laugh, and the playwright who can shake our sides deserves to be thanked. It is good for us to be shocked too, sometimes, for how else shall we measure our virtue? Mr. Ivor Novello succeeds in both parts, for "Sunshine Sisters," at the Queen's, is just designed for

describe it as a play—whirls with grotesque energy from start to finish, turning a country house into a madcap hall. It is one of those after-dinner diversions where we go to round off an evening with nonsense, and "Sunshine Sisters" provides it.

So, too, in such a mood, might we go to the third edition of Charlot's revue, "How d' You Do?" which still runs brightly at the Comedy. Now Miss Margaret Bannerman has filled Miss Frances Day's place, and she is equally delightful in her own individual way. Skits and sketches fill the programme, and they not only have the virtue of being topical, but amusing. Some of the favourite numbers remain, for, though "The Open-Air Theatre" is now impossible, it is fresh enough in our memories to enjoy the comic burlesque. "All British" has the merit of neat satire, and, thanks to that admirable actor, Mr. Edward Chapman, is immensely entertaining.

But farce has become identified with the Aldwych, and farce, too, of a particular kind. We go expecting embarrassing situations and ingenious escapades, and we are not troubled about the logic of the plot or the characters, so long as the game is fast and the fun is plentiful. But in "Ladies' Night" the wheels do not turn quickly enough, the incidents are too slow on one another's heels, and as the dialogue lacks the verbal felicities that fill the gap when situations pause, the onus of the fun-making falls on the players. While you cannot make bricks without straw, the personality of such a rich comedian as Mr. Sydney Howard will go a long way. He is too sensible of incongruities not to take every opportunity the farce provides, and clever enough to invent for himself. It is farce with comic effects, and we laugh; but the *farceur* has to satisfy a greedy appetite, for we want to laugh immoderately.

Perhaps it was this knowledge that twisted Mr. Anthony Kimmins's play, "Night Club Queen," at the Playhouse, out of the path of comedy into the gilded naughtiness of a night club. For his piece had the elements, both of character and situation, that might have developed a serious theme. The opening act, with its lively interludes from Mr. O. B. Clarence in his bath-chair, its potential problem indicated by Miss Edith Sharpe, and the aggressive effervescence of Mr. Aubrey Mather, justified itself in its promise. But that promise evaporated with the second act, and at once we were in the realm of inconsequential entertainment, and the drama explodes in an aside with villainous chicanery unmasked. We were amused, we had all the variety and versatility that belongs to cabaret, and when the curtain ended the scene we had the liveliness that belongs to such entertainment. The last act brought with it not only invention and surprise, but admirable fun. It rattled along with lively dialogue to spur it, resourceful situations to amend it, and a cheery spirit to inform it. So we accepted the piece, not for what it might have been, but for what it proved to be. "Night Club Queen" provides as good an evening's entertainment as one could wish for.



AN AMBITIOUS PIECE OF HISTORICAL RECONSTRUCTION IN "BERKELEY SQUARE": SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (OLAF HYTTEN) PAINTS PETER STANDISH'S PORTRAIT; WHILE KATE AND HELEN PETTIGREW (VALERIE TAYLOR AND HEATHER ANGEL) WATCH.

The plot of "Berkeley Square," it will be remembered, centres round a young American, Peter Standish, who, returning to an old house, in Berkeley Square, which was the home of his family in the past, finds himself, by some strange trick of time, back in the eighteenth century and involved in the tragic love affair of his ancestor. Though in the eighteenth century, he is still conscious of his twentieth-century "antecedents." The majority of the featured players in the Hollywood screen version are English. The Berkeley Square of the eighteenth century was rebuilt in minute and faithful detail at Hollywood.

frivolity and farce, and fills out an evening with jolly entertainment. That is his justification and his answer to captious criticism, for it is true the whole piece is just lightly tied together with strings of sentiment and cynicism, and that the plot itself only serves as an opportunity for putting various, if conventional, characters on the stage. But never mind, so long as they are dexterously manipulated, and the situations are mirth-provoking. There are passages where perhaps we squirm a little, for good taste has its lapses; but the mood already is generous, and the prevocations often have compensating wit to surprise us into laughter. It is clever and comic both in conception and portraiture, and as a frolic it must be taken; it asks for no more serious approach and requires no analysis. If dullness is the enemy of entertainment, then Mr. Novello has banished the bugbear, for his piece—we can hardly



LESLIE HOWARD AND HEATHER ANGEL IN "BERKELEY SQUARE": THE LOVERS WHO ARE PARTED BY TIME.

**THE ART OF THE MODERN PORTRAIT PAINTER:
WORKS IN THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF THE R.P.S.**



MISS AUDREY LEWISOHN:
BY CATHLEEN MANN.



MISS E. L. YOUNG, HEADMISTRESS OF QUEEN
ETHELBURGA'S SCHOOL: BY T. C. DUGDALE.



MADAME JOSELOFF:
BY SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.



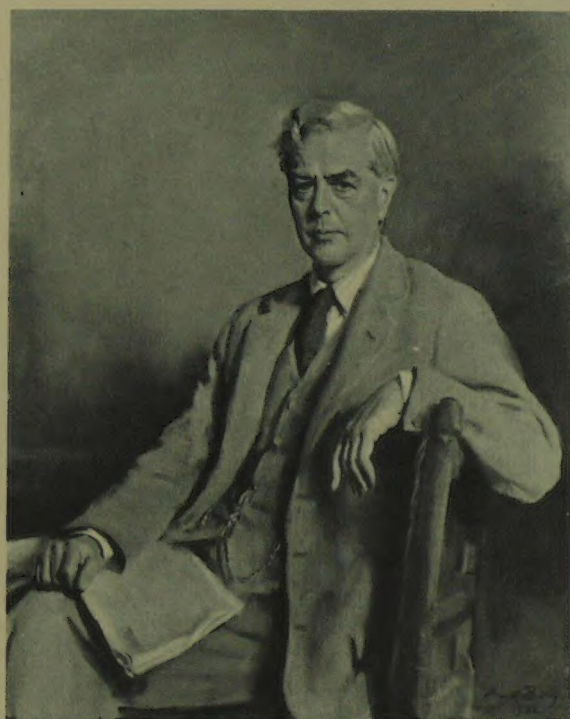
MRS. HAROLD TAYLOR:
BY DORIS ZINKEISEN.



MRS. CLIVE LOEHNIS:
BY JOHN A. M. HAY.



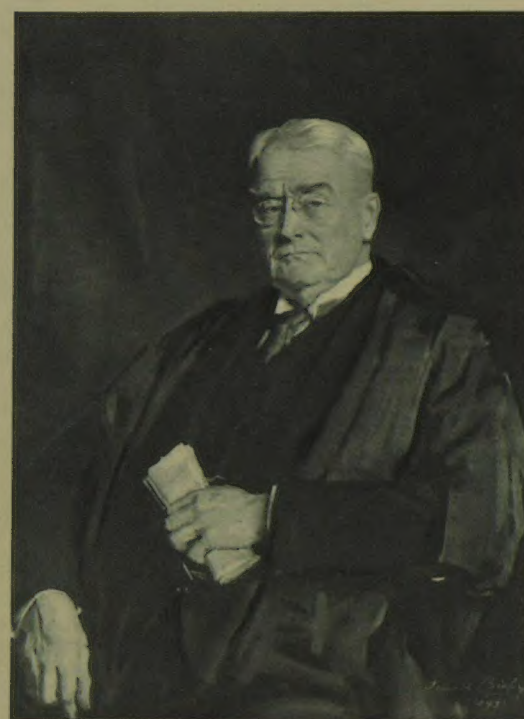
ELAINE, DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL SIR DUDLEY DE CHAIR:
BY FREDERIC WHITING.



MR. LIONEL CURTIS:
BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



THE LADY EDWARD HAY:
BY SIMON ELWES.



VISCOUNT SUMNER, G.C.B.:
BY OSWALD BIRLEY.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which is being held at the Royal Institute Galleries, in Piccadilly, opened on November 18 and will close on December 23. We reproduce certain of the pictures from what may be termed a thoroughly typical—and excellent—show. A word as to some of the sitters. Mrs. Loehnis is the wife of Lieut.-Commander Clive Loehnis, R.N., and daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Dudley-Ryder, fourth son of the

fourth Earl of Harrowby. Mr. Lionel Curtis, whose portrait is the property of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, has been a Member of the Transvaal Legislative Council, and was Adviser on Irish Affairs in the Colonial Office, 1921-24. Lady Edward Hay is the wife of Lord Tweeddale's only brother and is a sister of Sir Paul Latham. Viscount Sumner was a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, 1913-30. His portrait belongs to the Benchers of the Inner Temple.

THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"KING EDWARD AND HIS TIMES": By ANDRÉ MAUROIS.*

(PUBLISHED BY CASSELL.)

THE ideal constitutional monarch is not a person of genius, nor, indeed, a person of any marked singularity, but a super-average man. M. Maurois makes the point—not a new one—about Queen Victoria that her tastes and her ideas were essentially those of the middle class, and consequently she knew, often far better than her advisers, what would be the "reaction," in a crisis, of that part of the body politic which is traditionally known as its backbone. If Victoria was a woman of the middle classes, Edward was a man of the world: and he knew by instinct what the world felt, and very often what it most needed. We have in this volume the picture of a monarch who had the greatest and most distinctive quality of a gentleman—the quick perception of the other point of view, and the readiness to yield to it sympathetically so far as dignity and honesty permit.

He survived a crushing childhood and adolescence, and, indeed, a whole system of well-intentioned but cruel repressions which were calculated to produce the most perilous revulsions. The only result of his absurdly eclectic education was to rob him of the power of sustained concentration. "Stockmar's exertions had left him with a horror of culture and a curious inability to apply his mind closely to any subject for more than half an hour on end." He was a man who got fun out of life, and out of all sorts of life—indeed, he was to the Island Pharisees (who nevertheless secretly envied and admired him), that dreadful ogre, the "man of pleasure." "He liked the society of women who could talk, of Jews and people who could amuse him. And he liked any public ceremony, and theatres, and cards. He was a sensible man, who knew more about foreign policy than anyone, and had quite advanced ideas." (They even said that he was "a bit of a radical.") There were certain aspects of politics which offended him: he found it hard to forgive Mr. Lloyd George for his Limehousing, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for attributing to the British Army in South Africa the "methods of barbarism." But what he resented was the breach of taste, not the difference of view; he had no difficulty in appreciating the sincerity of men like Gambetta and Clemenceau and Keir Hardie; for he was, above all, a tolerant man, who believed that an amiable laugh could take the sting out of most problems, and that a couple of sensible men, with good cigars in comfortable armchairs, could agree on almost anything. This gift of tolerance he showed again and again, and in nothing more conspicuously than in his patience with the incalculable pranks of his "illustrious nephew"—who, in this book, as in every account of the early twentieth century, cuts a sorry figure. It is impossible to read M. Maurois's pages without renewing the conviction that Edward VII. did all that mortal man could do to promote the natural alliance of England and Germany, and that only by childish and intolerable truculence was he driven into other alliances which have cost Germany more dear than any Englishman ever desired. "It is impossible," writes M. Maurois, "in watching the England and Germany of that opening decade of the century, not to be reminded of those illnesses wherein pains and remedies race each other fatefully towards death. To relieve increasing agony, the physician increases the dose of morphia, but the organic troubles are made worse by the drug. Before long, stronger doses are needed for spasms which have become unbearable. Thus England, in self-protection against the German menace, had made her *entente* with France, then another with Russia; and these understandings themselves irritated Germany afresh, and caused more definite threats. In both countries fleets and Budgets increased in arithmetical progression. To break this vicious circle before it led to a deadly climax of war would have needed a more energetic treatment, and a more healthy European organism." Are we witnessing the same symptoms to-day?

M. Maurois rightly rejects the "legend," so popular among Edward's enemies during his lifetime—in the view of his more imaginative critics, he could never cross the Channel without some deep, Machiavellian purpose—that he was a meddler, a schemer, a juggler with the destinies of nations. He always preferred to be an instrument, not an originator, and strove only to carry out, in a manner for which he had a peculiar talent, the considered policy of the Government of the day. "But to cite these witnesses as an argument that the King exercised no influence on European politics would be to fashion another legend, quite different and no doubt equally

false. He left marks which were none the less real for being quite human and quite simple. He inspired confidence by his kindness and tact. He liked to be a welcome guest wherever he went, and to be on good terms with everyone. He was cosmopolitan, devoid of racial prejudice, concerned for his popularity abroad as at home, always anxious to compose international quarrels, concerned that life should be straightforward and that everybody should be friendly together. A sovereign, a great statesman, men who are the momentary incarnations of a whole people, can wield powers of swift healing, if they are living, natural, good-humoured men, able to impress foreign opinion by small symbolic touches." What Edward achieved in France by these "small symbolic touches" of imperturbability and graciousness was almost magical. "Strange as it may seem that the journey of

one single man should have the power to transmute, in less than a week, the sentiments of a people, it is nevertheless true that the decline of anglophobia in France dates from that visit [in 1903]." Edward might well have produced the same effect in Berlin, as he earnestly desired to do, had it not been for the jealousy and suspicion of a man who, being incapable himself of any but petty motives, could see no larger ones in others.

Whatever foreign nations may have thought of Edward's rôle in Europe, nobody could accuse him of being a partisan or a busybody in domestic politics. M. Maurois rightly stresses his strict adherence to constitutional neutrality. No more distasteful situation could have faced a hereditary monarch than the Budget crisis of 1910, but there seems little doubt that Edward VII. would have been prepared, if necessary, to "inflate" the House of Lords and debase its currency to worthlessness; and this was wisdom, for the very knowledge that a sovereign whom all the disputants respected was prepared to perform a painful duty caused the recalcitrants to spare him that humiliation. The highest testimonial to Edward VII. is well expressed by M. Maurois: "When he succeeded his mother, the Crown's prestige stood very high. He left it higher. Could monarchy and democracy live hand-in-hand? England had solved that problem, as she always does, not by abstract reasoning, but by living experiment." And to that tribute must be added this, that when Edward came to the throne, England had not a friend in the world, and at the call of duty he rescued her from a "splendid isolation" which had become not only untenable, but absurd.

M. Maurois seems to us to regard England in very much the same spirit as the more intelligent English regard her—namely, with a mixture of indulgence and irony, beneath which a current of affection runs silently but powerfully. There is much in the English society of Victoria and Edward which tickles a Frenchman's satiric sense; and the same is true of our politics—we feel, for example, that M. Maurois is moved to uncontrollable inward chuckles by what seems to him the fundamental cynicism of such statesmen as Salisbury, Balfour, Rosebery, and Haldane; and frequently he communicates these quiet chuckles to the reader. Some of the judgments are superficial. The Boer War was one of which no Englishman has ever felt particularly proud, but M. Maurois's curt condemnation of it is unworthy of a serious historian, for it takes no account of the indefensible inconsistency of Paul Kruger's policy. Again, there is something of the unreflective cliché in this kind of dictum: "Britain, in her wisdom, has at least one principle—to have no principles. In England, logic is an offence; plans which are too definite are suspect; a decision is taken at the moment of acting." The charge is very familiar; but is it really true that English politics show any more opportunism and trial-and-error than the politics of other countries? Have pure reason and strict logic ruled supreme in the public life of European countries other than England? It seems to us that the history not only of English, but of human, affairs shows singularly little of these elements.

But, on the whole, this foreign observer shows a remarkable insight into the essentials of the day-before-yesterday in English history, and if he views our foibles with Gallic irony, he also views them with the tolerance which is the compensating quality of Gallic realism. His sketches of the public figures of the Edwardian age are extraordinarily discerning—all the more so for their conciseness. Particularly vivid are the portraits of such men as Salisbury, Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and Rosebery—paradoxical characters whom no foreigner can understand (no German, for example, has ever succeeded in doing so) without a considerable effort of sympathy and analysis. It is characteristic that the thing which M. Maurois regards with most suspicion in politics is *trop de zèle*, and it is only in his depiction of such earnest evangelists as Mr. Lloyd George that we distinguish a faint note of contempt. Some of the literary judgments are also interesting, though we are inclined to think that M. Maurois attributes to Wells, Galsworthy, and Arnold Bennett rather more influence than they possessed in 1908. The most original of M. Maurois's pages are those in which he analyses the elements of "social transformation" in the early years of this century, and we note that for his impressions he has very rightly gone, not to learned chronicles, but to the living evidence of such commentaries as the *Times* and *Punch*. All in all, the volume adds substantially to M. Maurois's reputation as an observer of English life and character.

C. K. A.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A PORTRAIT MINIATURE BY NICHOLAS HILLIARD (C. 1547—1619), GOLDSMITH AND "LIMNER," WHO WAS INFLUENCED BY HOLBEIN AND IS THE OUTSTANDING ENGLISH ARTIST OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

Portraits in miniature are often found among the decorations of English illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages, but it was not until the time of Henry VIII. that the painting of portrait miniatures began to be regarded as a separate art. Holbein, who came to England from Germany in 1526, was one of the earliest, and, perhaps, the greatest, of the miniaturists. Nicholas Hilliard, who was the son of an Exeter goldsmith and was born about 1547, studied the work of Holbein, and was influenced by his style. Hilliard himself was goldsmith, as well as "limner," to Queen Elizabeth, and designed her second Great Seal. He is easily the most outstanding English artist of the Elizabethan period. His miniatures are painted in opaque colours on vellum laid down on card, and his minute elaboration of decorative detail is probably due to his training as a goldsmith. In addition to his study of Holbein, Hilliard seems to have been influenced strongly by the tradition of medieval illuminations, for a marked feature of his style is the absence of modelling and the insistence on linear pattern characteristic of English pre-Holbein painting. The miniature here reproduced ranks among the finest of his known works. Not only does it illustrate his superb technique, but the whole spirit of Elizabethan love lyrics is expressed in the figure of this young man languishing among the rose-bushes and yearning for his absent mistress. Possibly, the inscription *Da poenas laudata fides* (somewhat difficult to translate) is intentionally enigmatic, and may suggest that the lover suffers from his applauded constancy. The miniature was bequeathed to the Victoria and Albert Museum in 1910 by George Salting.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

* "King Edward and his Times." By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles. (Cassell; 25s. net.)

A FOUR-THOUSAND-POUND FISH: A MONSTER BAT-RAY CAUGHT IN THE ARABIAN SEA.

THE really "fishy" stories of the angler relate usually to "the one that got away." Here is a fish to which no fisherman's outstretched arms could do justice, and a story that might defy credence were it not for the best of documentary evidence, a set of admirable photographs taken on the spot. Mr. Tombazi describes his catch as follows: "The photographs show a monster bat-ray of the Arabian Sea killed by Mr. N. A. Tombazi, of Karachi, whilst out fishing off Cape Monze. The ray measured 22 feet in width by 21 feet in length (including a four-foot tail). No accurate weight could be determined, as the fish was landed on a beach several

[Continued below.]



THE CREW AT WORK SOON AFTER THE RAY CAUGHT IN THE ANCHOR ROPE: INDIAN FISHERMEN CONTENDING WITH A 4000-LB. MONSTER.



A THREE-TON BOAT TOWED TWO MILES BY A BAT-RAY THAT BECAME ENTANGLED IN THE ANCHOR ROPE: THE SWIRL IN THE WATER AT THE BOWS AS THE MONSTER STRUGGLED TO ESCAPE.



THE BAT-RAY BROUGHT ASHORE AFTER A GREAT FIGHT; ITS FOUR-FOOT MOUTH TOWARDS THE CAMERA: THE END OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE ARABIAN SEA.



MR. N. A. TOMBAZI, WHO CAUGHT THE GREAT RAY, WITH A SMALLER CATCH—A 28-LB. SEER FISH, TAKEN OFF THE COAST NEAR CAPE MONZE.



A FISH TWENTY-TWO FEET WIDE BY TWENTY-ONE FEET LONG: THE VAST BULK OF THE BAT-RAY BROUGHT ASHORE—ESTIMATED TO WEIGH AT LEAST 4000 LB.

miles from any town, but it could not have been less than 4000 lb. It was caught accidentally by its becoming entangled in the anchor rope at a depth of twenty fathoms. It towed the three-ton boat for a distance of about two miles, carrying with it the heavy anchor which it dislodged from the rocky bottom of the sea. After a two-hour fight, during which many thrilling moments were experienced by the occupants of the boat, the monster was brought to within distance of the harpoon and was eventually finished off by one of the crew who dived under it with a kukri 'knife.' Of the 28-lb. seer, Mr. Tombazi writes: "This fish belongs to the tunny family and is a great fighter; it took three-quarters of an hour to land, on a heavy sea-rod and 200 yards of 64-lb. line."

SLUMS OF "COTTONOPOLIS": CONDITIONS MANCHESTER SEEKS TO ABOLISH.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATION OPPOSITE AND ARTICLE ON PAGE 846.)



A TYPICAL MANCHESTER SLUM DWELLING: A SMALL AND AIRLESS ROOM BELOW GROUND LEVEL, WHERE VERY LITTLE LIGHT PENETRATES EVEN ON THE BRIGHTEST DAY, AND THE WALLS AND FLOOR ARE DAMP.



SLUM CONDITIONS IN THE CONDEMNED RED BANK QUARTER OF MANCHESTER: A ONE-ROOM HOME "IN WHICH THE FEEDING, COOKING, WASHING, SLEEPING OF A WHOLE FAMILY HAS TO BE CARRIED ON."

These drawings, as Mr. Townroe points out in his article (on page 846) describing Manchester's great campaign against slums, reveal vividly the actual conditions of life in the areas condemned. Some further touches may be added to the picture from two pamphlets issued by the Manchester and Salford Better Housing Council. Of the district referred to as "Under the Arches," behind London Road Station, it is stated: "With a few bright exceptions, the property throughout the area is damp, dismal and dilapidated, and can only relatively be considered fit for human habitation. Houses in which the walls are damp and the

plaster peeling are so common that they are considered as one of the inevitable, if unpleasant, factors of normal domestic life in the slums." In an account of two other condemned quarters—"Angel Meadow and Red Bank"—we read: "Where there are children, it is clearly impossible to keep neat and tidy a room in which the feeding, cooking, washing, sleeping of a whole family has to be carried on." The fact that the Minister of Health, Sir E. Hilton Young, arranged to visit Manchester on November 20, to open the 20,000th municipal house, indicates the extent of that city's effort to abolish slums.

STREETS "CLOSED" FOR PLAY: MANCHESTER'S CARE OF SLUM CHILDREN.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE.)



A "PLAY STREET" IN A MANCHESTER SLUM WITH NOTICES AT EACH END ASKING DRIVERS TO AVOID ENTERING IT.

Attention was recalled recently to the problem of the slums by questions in the House of Commons, to which Sir E. Hilton Young, Minister of Health, replied, giving particulars of the progress so far made by local authorities with his five-year plan for slum-clearance. Manchester, as Mr. Townroe shows in his article (on the next page), has been coping with this problem for fifty years past, and is making a magnificent effort to solve it. Among other things, Manchester and Salford originated the happy idea of reserving certain streets in crowded slum areas as "play streets" for children, by placing notice-boards at each end to

request drivers of vehicles to refrain from entering the street. This temporary arrangement, which makes up to some extent for the lack of playgrounds, pending any scheme of rehousing, is reported since to have been made obligatory by local by-laws. The London boroughs, it is said, have been asked to adopt a similar scheme. The only one to act on the suggestion hitherto, we are informed, is that of Paddington, where three thoroughfares—Woodchester Street, Paignton Street, and Waverley Terrace—have been constituted "play streets" by a request to drivers, without any legal compulsion.

MANCHESTER'S 50-YEAR FIGHT AGAINST SLUMS.

A NEW FIVE-YEAR PROGRAMME INVOLVING DEMOLITION OF 15,000 HOUSES AT A COST BETWEEN FIVE AND EIGHT MILLION POUNDS.

By B. S. TOWNROE, M.A., J.P., a Co-opted Member of the Housing Committee, London County Council. (See Illustrations on two preceding pages.)

OF all the cities in the United Kingdom, the Corporation of Manchester has one of the finest records for a persistent fight during the last fifty years against the slum evil. To-day, in response to the appeal of the National Government, the City Council has approved a five-year programme of slum clearance and rehousing. This will involve the demolition of some 15,000 houses at a capital cost estimated to be between £5,750,000 and £7,750,000. An immediate start is being made in some of the areas where Mr. Spurrier made his drawings. These reveal far more vividly than columns of "sob-stuff" the actual conditions of life in the homes which have long been condemned.

Under the Arches.

Some of his sketches were drawn in the colony which lies under the arches behind London Road

Station. Here cottages, factories, stables, ten public-houses, fifty-five shops, and grain-stores lie huddled together. It is no wonder that rats from the stables invade bed-rooms, and death and sickness find here many victims. According to Manchester's very able Medical Officer of Health, in the inner area the death rate per 1000 is 4, and the infant mortality rate 26 per cent., more than in the outer areas. Return cases of infectious disease are more common in those closely packed rows of houses than in the outlying housing estates. The amount of light received by these huddled homes is only half that received eight miles away, and this causes many diseases, particularly the common cold and catarrh. The continuous pall of smoke, full of tar and sulphuric acid; the lack of light and sunshine in such rooms as Mr. Spurrier so vividly depicts; the damp walls; the rats, mice, and other vermin; all help to provide breeding-places of disease and immorality.

In estimating the cost of slum clearance, which will undoubtedly impose a heavy financial burden on this and coming generations, we must set on the other side of the balance sheet the losses to the community due to men and women dying prematurely, and children growing up physically, morally, and mentally defective.

Red Bank.

One of Mr. Spurrier's pictures shows a room in a cottage in a condemned quarter of Red Bank. In summer this is a most unpleasant district, although it is close to the attractively named Angel Meadow. The

latter is not a meadow, but is a horrible example of the *laissez-faire* policy of Victorian days. Here may be found warehouses, common lodging-houses, vacant spaces, derelict houses, and hundreds of families, most of whom have to endure the odours from the

local glue factory. On Red Bank, near by, the stench from the River Irk is at times overwhelming, and, hardened as I am to personal visits to slum property, I am always very glad to leave this district. It proves the need for wise town-planning schemes which will, we hope, prevent factories and homes being so jumbled up together in future reconstruction.

The Brighter Side.

In order to keep a sense of proportion, however, it is necessary to consider the brighter side. The City Council, since 1867, has been continuously trying to remedy the evils which exist in areas where thousands are packed together on each square mile. As Sir Ernest Simon, a former Chairman of Manchester Housing Committee, points out, the city has dealt with its housing problem on less sensational, but more effective, lines than other big towns. The Manchester authorities have dealt with local landlords and compelled extensive repairs to 30,000 houses in the last twenty years. Practically every house has a separate paved backyard, a water-closet, and water laid on inside. There are few of the back-to-back houses such as may be found by the score in Leeds, or the bad courts that still exist in Birmingham and Liverpool.

Many of the tenants show typical Lancashire courage and humour, and some keep these homes spotlessly clean. Indeed, according to a report of the Manchester and Salford Better Housing Council, some of the tenants interviewed object to moving out to new Council Housing Estates, because they have to go to work early, or because of cost of transport or lack of suitable furniture, or because they wish to live close to the Jewish shops, or in one case because a woman feared the snobbery on the new estates! Undoubtedly one of the great difficulties in carrying out the Government's slum campaign will be to persuade slum tenants to move into new accommodation. Parliament may have to be asked to give local authorities powers of compulsion for transfers of population.

A Splendid Record.

Manchester has good reason to be proud of her post-war housing record. The Corporation has now actually completed 20,000 houses, and private builders have built an additional 12,000 new houses since 1918. Some think that the Manchester Corporation houses were unduly expensive to build. Certainly the rents, which are, on an average, about 13s. a week inclusive for a house with three bedrooms and without a parlour, are far too high for such tenants as those who appear in Mr. Spurrier's illustrations. One reason, of course, for the very



A TYPICAL CORNER IN THE SLUMS OF MANCHESTER: A DARK, DANK PASSAGE, ONLY 3 FT. WIDE, LEADING TO BACK ROOMS OF HOUSES IN THE RED BANK DISTRICT—A CONDEMNED AREA.



A DISMAL PLACE USED AS A "PLAYGROUND" FOR CHILDREN AT THE BACK OF MANCHESTER SLUMS: HEAPS OF RUBBISH AND FILTH—ALL THAT REMAINS OF A FORMER ROW OF HOUSES.

Drawings specially made for "The Illustrated London News," by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

generous subsidy now offered by the National Government for rehousing slum tenants is in order that the rents may be more within the reach of the displaced families.

But, in spite of the expenditure of millions of pounds of public money, and the devoted service of men and women of all political parties on the City Council, the problem still remains unsolved. One example of the difficulties of finding a final solution in Manchester is a site on which 200 houses were pulled down in 1925. It still remains vacant, although the price has been reduced from £12,500 per acre to £7250 per acre, which is obviously far too high for working-class houses. Sir Ernest Simon, in his book, "The Anti-Slum Campaign," published last month, states that only one-third of the tenants displaced by this particular clearance are to-day in Corporation houses, and that the remaining two-thirds are overcrowding the surrounding slums.

The Future.

This shows how necessary it is to apply hard thinking, as well as money and goodwill, to the problem, if the present campaign is not to result in the creation of worse overcrowding. Town-planning and slum clearance must be carried out hand in hand, and we must not expect miracles. Even if Manchester deals within its five-year programme with 15,000 houses, there will still be 65,000 left in the central areas, mostly of the "two up and two down" type.

A former Lord Mayor of Manchester once told me that, if the centre of Manchester could be swept away and replaced by Garden Cities, the cost of social services would be reduced by half. But in an old-established English city, especially at a time when the economic crisis is severe, such heroic measures are out of the question. The policy of the National Government is less sensational and more practical, for it is founded on long experience. It should lead to the demolition of the most insanitary houses by 1938. Subsequently, the nation can proceed, assisted by the fall in the birth-rate, to an organised attack upon overcrowding. Manchester will be in the van, as it has been for the last half-century.

THANKS TO A FEMININE PENOLOGIST: A PERFECT PRISON FOR SPANISH WOMEN.



A WOMEN'S PRISON WHERE LIFE IS MADE PLEASANT: THE NEW GAOL AT MADRID; COMPLETE WITH BATH-ROOMS, MEETING-ROOMS, RECREATION GROUNDS, ELECTRIC BELLS, TELEPHONES, LIBRARY, AND MODEL KITCHEN.



SOCIAL INTERCOURSE DURING RECREATION HOURS IN THE WOMEN'S PRISON: PRISONERS TOGETHER IN A COURTYARD, READING, SEWING, OR SEEING THEIR CHILDREN.



A HYGIENIC AND SPOTLESSLY CLEAN LAVATORY IN THE NEW GAOL; WITH A PRISONER ACCOMPANIED BY HER SMALL SON.



SEÑORITA VICTORIA KENT, AT WHOSE INSTANCE THE NEW PRISON WAS BUILT: A WOMAN PROMINENT IN LEFT REPUBLICAN POLITICS.



A CELL IN THE PRISON; SHOWING THE BED WITH ITS PATTERNED COVERLET, AND THE WINDOW THROUGH WHICH SUNLIGHT STREAMS IN.



DINNER-TIME FOR THE BABIES OF THE PRISON, WHO ACCOMPANY THEIR MOTHERS THERE AND ARE LOOKED AFTER IN A CHEERFUL, HOME-LIKE ATMOSPHERE.

During recent years much attention has been devoted by the authorities in various parts of the world to the question of prison reform, and several experiments have been made that go far towards mitigating the rigours of imprisonment. Such a policy is, indeed, the only logical conclusion of the view that regards legal punishment as more usefully



LESSONS: A DAILY PART OF PRISON LIFE, DESIGNED TO GIVE THE WOMEN NEW INTERESTS AND A NEW OUTLOOK—A GEOGRAPHY CLASS AT WORK.

directed towards reformation than towards retribution. We illustrate here an interesting example from Republican Spain, where the appointment of a woman, Señorita Victoria Kent, to be the Director-General of Prisons, resulted in the improvement of prison conditions throughout the country. Señorita Kent received her appointment in April 1931, after the formation of the Republic. She owes her surname to the fact that her grandfather was a British officer who married a Spanish lady of Bilbao. She has the distinction of being the first woman lawyer allowed to practise in the Madrid Courts and to plead in criminal cases. Among the many orders issued by her was one for the building on modern lines of this new women's prison at Madrid, which, it is interesting to note, has much in common with a women's prison in New York illustrated by us on April 16, 1932.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMONG children, the words "Let's pretend" are, or used to be, an "Open Sesame" to adventure, and the process of pretending is the nursery equivalent of romance. I do not know how the famous Pretenders, Old and Young, first came by that name, but I think it has tended to enhance their popularity with the younger students of history. For my own part, although my god-fathers and godmothers in my baptism saw fit, for certain family reasons, to bestow on me the names of Charles Edward, thus causing me, of course, to be known in the domestic circle as "the Young Pretender," there was no partisan significance in their choice, and I did not thereby become a rabid Jacobite. On the contrary, I have always felt rather inclined to accept the *status quo*, and, having no Scottish blood, have taken but an academic interest in the bygone struggle between Stuart and Hanoverian. Whatever else of pretence or pretentiousness I may have acquired at the font, at least I cannot pretend to approach with any inherent authority such a book as "ROMANCE OF THE WHITE ROSE." A Jacobite Portrait Gallery. Narrating the Romantic Activities of Principal Characters of the Jacobite Movement. By Grant R. Francis, F.S.A. Author of "Old English Drinking Glasses," "Scotland's Royal Line," and "Mary of Scotland." With twenty illustrations (Murray; 18s.).

Here we have that most exhilarating thing—the work of a whole-hearted devotee, and, whichever way their own sympathies may incline, readers can hardly resist being carried along on the tide of his enthusiasm. It is not only the spirit of the book that gives it value, but also the amount of fresh historical detail, evidently the result of painstaking research. "I want to carry my readers back," writes Mr. Francis, "to the very quintessence of modern 'Romance,' which is to be found in what has come to be known as the Jacobite Movement." Beginning his story with the flight of James II., and touching briefly on Monmouth's rebellion, he relates the attempt at restoration of the exiled Stuarts by Graham of Claverhouse, first Viscount Dundee (the "Bonnie Dundee" of Scottish verse), and then devotes a chapter each to subsequent protagonists in the Stuart cause and their supporters abroad. The word "Pretender," of course, is avoided in Jacobite circles, and it does not occur here except in quotations from the opposition. Thus James the Second's son, to whom English school-books in my time referred as "the Old Pretender," figures here as James III., while "the Young Pretender" is termed Charles Edward, Prince of Wales. Chapters are also assigned to Louis XIV., John, sixth Earl of Mar, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the Cycle Club and the Oak Society, Lord George Murray, and to Cluny Macpherson and the Loch Arkaig Treasure. Finally, Mr. Francis introduces various people who played minor parts in the movement, ending with a picturesque account of Flora Macdonald. He mentions that in 1775 she and her husband emigrated to North Carolina, but had to return to Skye on the outbreak of the American War of Independence.

Apart from the intrinsic romance of the subject, there is also a strong romantic element in the story of the discovery of important new material, consisting of original letters found unexpectedly at Cluny Castle. The reader cannot help sharing the author's ecstasy. "I shall never forget," he writes, "the thrill that ran through me as I glanced at the signature of the first paper I opened—'Dundie'! I am well acquainted with Sanford Terry's life of John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, and in a flash I called to mind that book in my library at home, its blue buckram cover emblazoned in gold with a Viscount's coronet and the facsimile of his signature, 'Dundie,' in its ancient spelling! Here before me was no facsimile, but the identical signature of the hand that had been stilled for ever in the moment of victory at Killiecrankie, two hundred and forty years ago!" The illustrations to the book are also very attractive. Whether by inadvertence or absence of information, the artist's name is omitted under several portraits, among them being that of Flora Macdonald in the Bodleian Library.

One crucial phase of the Jacobite movement is described in detail, and discussed in retrospect, in "DERBY AND THE FORTY-FIVE." By L. Eardley-Simpson. Introduction by John Buchan. With eight Collotype Plates (Philip Allan; 15s.). As a record of events, and of personages and families concerned in them, this book is a notable addition to historical criticism, and a readable narrative.

Its outstanding interest, however, lies in the author's conclusions and speculations. He declares emphatically that the retreat of Prince Charles from Derby, which proved a fatal turning-point in his fortunes, should have been an advance to victory. "If," he writes, "the Army of the White Rose had marched over Swarkeston Bridge on 6th December, 1745, within a week James III. would have been proclaimed in London." And again: "The day of the White Rose would have come at last. . . . It was, indeed, the bitterest stroke that, when two more marches would have changed the history of the world, the leader who was prepared to take the chance was told that all the rules of the game were against him. . . . Derby marks the end of a tragic story, but it might well have been the opening of a new chapter and the turning of the tide—a

general story of a grand old city of East Anglia—namely, "LINCOLN." By M. R. Lambert and M. S. Sprague. With nineteen illustrations by R. Walker, and a Preface by the Rt. Rev. W. S. Swayne, D.D., Bishop of Lincoln, 1920-1932 (Oxford: Basil Blackwell; 10s. 6d.). I have enjoyed dipping into this delightful book, and looking at the beautiful drawings, because I have had more than one personal association with the place it describes, and I still cherish a small brazen image of the Lincoln Imp. My earliest memories of Lincoln date back to the mid-'eighties, when I was having my first experience of boarding-school life at Newark Grammar School. One day the Headmaster conveyed the whole of his flock to Lincoln, and, although other details of that occasion—even on the catering side—have faded from my mind, I still have a lively recollection of ascending to the top of the great Minster tower. Naturally, therefore, I looked first to see what this book might have to say about it.

The wonderful Rood or Central Tower of Lincoln Cathedral, is described as the loftiest mediæval square tower in the world. "The height from base to vane," we read, "is now 271 feet; formerly it carried a spire of timber covered with lead. It then reached a total height of 524 feet and was reputed to be the loftiest spire in Europe—but in January 1547 the spire was destroyed in a tempest. . . . From the top one has a wide view over the City below and the Fenlands to the south and east, while on a clear day, Boston 'Stump,' forty miles away, is visible, and towards the west the tall spire of Newark Church can also be seen." As Bishop Swayne recalls, through the restoration completed a few years ago, "the Minster to-day stands more sound and secure than it has ever done since it was first builded."

Numerous references to the city's municipal life in Tudor times occur in an interesting study of social and official conditions at that period, entitled "TOWN GOVERNMENT IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY." Based chiefly on the records of Cambridge, Chester, Coventry, Ipswich, Leicester, Lincoln, Manchester, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Shrewsbury. By J. H. Thomas, B.Litt. (Oxon). Illustrated (Allen and Unwin; 8s. 6d.). I do not know whether there is any association, beyond an identity of initials and surname, between the author and his famous Parliamentary namesake. The Dominions Secretary, as an ex-railway man and Member for Derby, would doubtless have included that town, along with Swindon and Crewe. The author's allusions to Lincoln may perhaps be taken as typical of the information here recorded. They relate, among other things, to the control of ale-houses—under an early form of prohibition; Beadles and a rudimentary Poor Law; the Lincoln Fair; the system of Fee-Farms, which contained the germ of civic government and taxation; the Lincoln Grammar School; the Guilds; elections to Parliament by "voices" instead of votes; outbreaks of plague (in 1550 and 1557-8); provision of coal and other fuel for the poor; and regulations for street lighting, which required every householder to set over his door or window "a lantern with a candle light in it." Many quaint bygone customs are described in simple style in this informative little book.

I conclude, by way of contrast, with an exquisite work relating to country life in the England of to-day—exquisite both on the pictorial and the literary side—namely, "THE FARMER'S YEAR." A Calendar of English Husbandry. Written and Engraved by Clare Leighton (Collins; 10s. 6d.). This is a large, album-like volume, illustrated with twelve full-page wood-cuts, one for each month, representing typical farm labour of the season, besides smaller wood-cuts and decorative initial letters in the text. The whole work is admirably printed and reproduced. The wood-cuts are, of course, the main feature, and I can remember nothing finer of their kind in modern illustration. For myself, I prefer slightly less formal treatment of landscape—the hillsides and rolling fields have a somewhat billowy, or pillowy, appearance; but that, of course, accords with modern taste. It is unimportant compared with the beauty and vigour of these rich designs, the bold and clear-cut lines, and the wonderful contrasts of light with deep shadows. The accompanying essays show the artist to possess equal skill with the pen. They are word-pictures of country life and character, which could scarcely be bettered, for charm and human interest, within their brief limits of space. The author is to be congratulated on a dual triumph.

C. E. B.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archaeological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archaeologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

tide which would have flowed on until it had taken Charles III. to the Throne of Britain and made a Greater Empire of Anglo-Saxons supreme as the unchallenged arbiter of the destinies of the world."

Some critics have doubted whether a different decision at Derby would have had such results, and whether Charles would even then have obtained the support so far withheld from him in England. Be that as it may, Mr. Eardley-Simpson has made out a strong plea, the poignancy of which arises from the ever-present "shadow of Culloden." An appendix mentions that Derby possesses one slight link with Flora Macdonald—a portrait of her by Richard Wilson, which she gave to Lieut. Nigel Gresley, an officer of the ship that brought her to London. The picture emerged at the sale of the collection of the late Sir Thomas Gresley, M.P. for South Derbyshire in 1868, and is now in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland. The author describes it as "a half-length representing the Scottish heroine in tartan low-necked dress, but far less pleasing than the well-known picture by Ramsey." In the matter of costume and length, the description agrees with the Bodleian portrait mentioned above.

From a controversial episode in the annals of one Midland town, I turn now to a charming book telling the

BRITISH CHILDREN: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"THE COLD NOSE OF A FRIEND."



"MOTHER SAYS AUNTIE IS LOOKING A BIT GREEN AND IS NOT AT ALL WHAT SHE WAS YESTERDAY."

We have already given our readers two series of drawings by that distinguished modern artist, Edmund Blampied. The earlier—under the title "The English Daumier Looks on Life"—concluded in June. The later one was entitled "Leaves from Life." This included many intimate and humorous observations of the

pleasures and sorrows, triumphs and shortcomings, of people at all social levels. We here present the first drawings in a new series—to be devoted to studies of British children. The contrast "bodied forth" by the two little scenes is admirably caught by the artist and reproduced here, and needs no stressing.

THE PREDOMINANT STRAIN IN THE ENGLISH THOROUGHBRED?—SOME NOTABLE ARABS.

THE number and the quality of the exhibits in the Arab Section of the National Pony Show at Islington earlier in the year gave indication that interest in the Arab horse is still fully maintained. The championship gold medal for the best stallion or colt was won by Mr. G. H. Ruxton's five-year-old chestnut Algol, which was bred by the Prince of Wales. The female championship was won by Mr. T. C. Armitage's nine-year-old chestnut, Myra, another of the Arabs bred by the Prince of Wales. We illustrate here Aldebaran, sire of Algol, Myra, and Capella. The interest in question is again very much in evidence; certain facts have emerged that throw light on the vexed question as to the strength of the Arab strain in the English thoroughbred.

[Continued opposite.



A TYPE OF THE ARAB HORSE, A BREED FROM WHICH THE ENGLISH THOROUGHBRED IS POPULARLY THOUGHT TO DERIVE: DWARKA, THE PURE-BRED ARABIAN STALLION PRESENTED (AFTER ITS DEATH) TO THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In a letter given prominence in the "Times" of October 24, Sir Alfred E. Pease wrote: "Leaving out of account a minute fraction of 'Persian' and 'foreign' blood, the English thoroughbred is composed of English, Barb, Turk, and Arabian strains. . . . But whichever way you look at it the Arabian takes a back seat." He went on to show that Matchem (1748), Herod (1758), and Eclipse (1764), regarded as the "fathers" of the English thoroughbred—had respectively only six, 236, and 76 Arabian strains each (on a basis of 1024 progenitors). Against this may be set the explicit statement occurring in Mr. Sidney Galtrey's account of Horse-breeding in the "Encyclopædia Britannica": ". . . thoroughbreds all over the world," he writes, "are all descended from English racehorses; that is to say, they all trace back in direct male line to three Eastern horses which were introduced into this country—viz. the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, and the Godolphin." And again: "It has been made clear that the British thoroughbred of to-day had Eastern sires, and mares of Eastern origin for his early ancestors."



RAZINA, A FINE TYPE OF ARAB MARE OWNED BY LADY YULE; RESERVE IN ITS CLASS IN THE 1933 NATIONAL PONY SHOW.



MURSCHIDA; A THREE-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT FILLY OWNED BY LADY YULE; WINNER OF THE CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE BEST ARAB FILLY, 1933.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ALDEBARAN; SIRE OF ALGOL AND MYRA, SEEN WHEN WINNING FIRST CLASS IN THE RIDING CLASSES, 1923.



MYRA (OWNED BY MR. T. C. ARMITAGE), WINNER OF THE FEMALE ARAB CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE 1933 PONY SHOW: A NINE-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT Sired BY ALDEBARAN.



ALGOL, CHAMPION ARAB STALLION AT THE PONY SHOW, WITH HIS OWNER, MR. G. H. RUXTON: A FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHESTNUT BRED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



MISS NORAH MACKENZIE ON CAPELLA; A MARE Sired BY THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ALDEBARAN AND OWNED BY COLONEL F. S. KENNEDY SHAW.

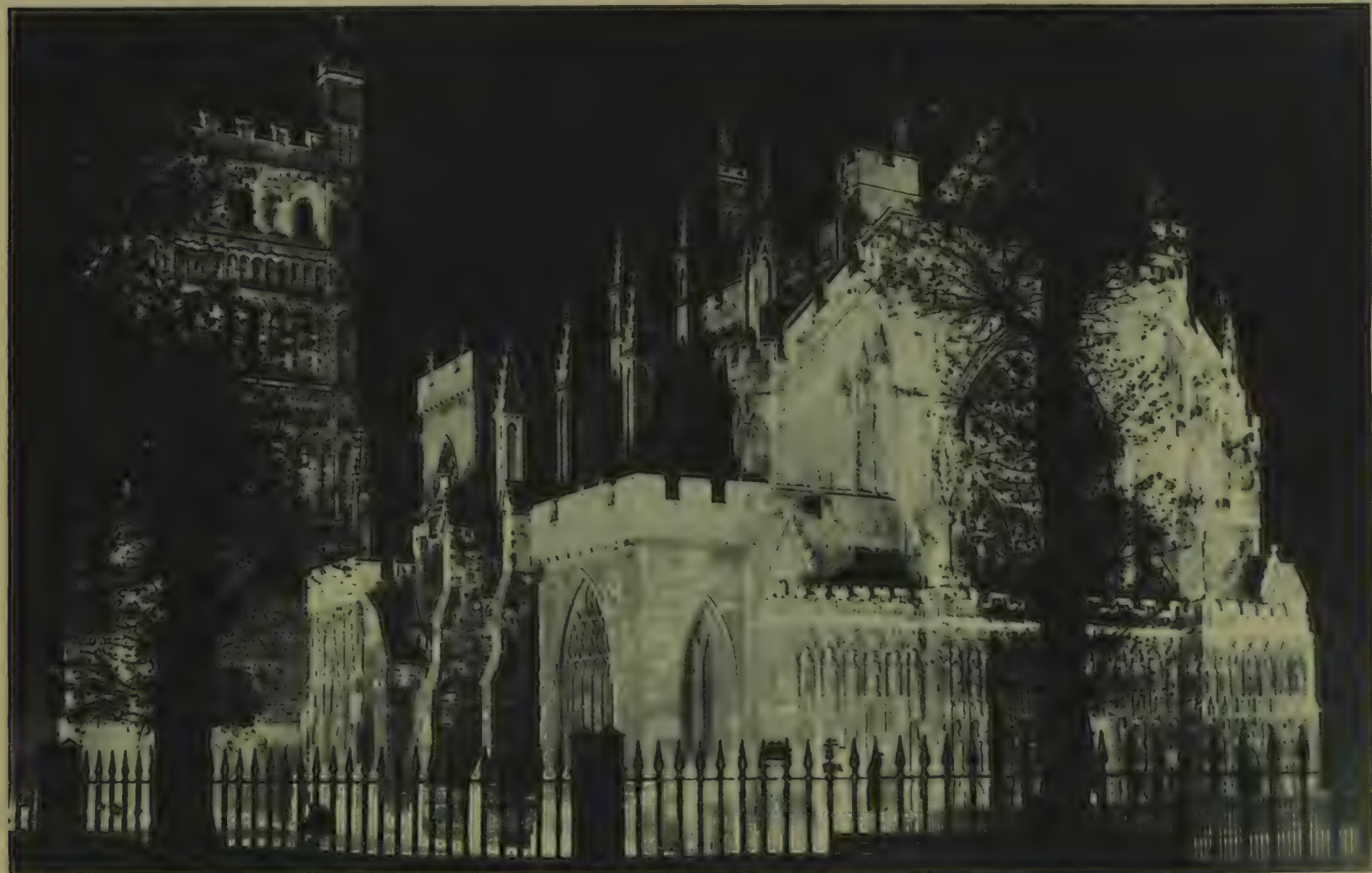
HOME NEWS: A BIG CLIFF FALL; A CATHEDRAL GAS-FLOODLIT.



A GREAT CLIFF FALL BETWEEN DOVER AND DEAL: THE MASS OF DÉBRIS FORMING A KIND OF BUTTRESS AGAINST THE FACE OF THE CLIFF; AND MAKING IT UNNECESSARY TO BUILD A NEW GROUYNE THAT WAS CONTEMPLATED AT THAT SPOT.

On the morning of November 17 a sudden fall of cliff, no doubt caused by the recent heavy rains, occurred at Larklands Point, St. Margaret's Bay, about two hundred yards from the Dover Patrol Memorial. Thousands of tons of chalk and subsoil crashed into the sea, forming a small new island at high tide and extending about 150 yards from the foot

of the cliff. The cliff is over 200 feet high at this point, and no extensive gap can be seen at its edge. It was stated that the only damage done was to the last groyne, to the east of St. Margaret's; and it was added that a proposed new £500 groyne at the spot would not now be necessary, the fallen mass having formed a natural breakwater.



EXETER CATHEDRAL FLOODLIT BY GAS TO CELEBRATE ITS EIGHT-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY: A TRIUMPH OF LIGHTING ACHIEVED BY THE USE OF FORTY LARGE GAS-LAMPS INSTEAD OF THE MORE USUAL ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Exeter Cathedral celebrated its eight-hundredth anniversary on November 20. The present church, however, is not the first on the site, for the Abbey of the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter was founded by King Athelstan a thousand years ago. In 1107 Bishop William Warelwast was appointed to the see of Exeter, and five years later began the building of a new church. Of this building the former western towers, noble examples of twelfth-

century architecture and now serving as the north and south transepts, remain. Bishop Quivil (1280 to 1291) was responsible for removing the inner walls of the great towers, in order to use them as transepts. The famous and beautiful little "minstrels' gallery," with its twelve niches where sculptured angels stand playing musical instruments (illustrated in colour in our issue of June 17 last), dates from 1360.

453 SEATS; 20 PARTIES; 7000 "CANDIDATES": THE SPANISH ELECTION.



WOOLING THE ELECTORS BY PLACARDING THE WALLS OF A SACRED BUILDING: POSTERS ON THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF THE ORDER OF CALATRAVA, IN MADRID.



APPEALS BY ONE OF THE TWENTY OFFICIAL PARTIES WHOSE 2000 CANDIDATES CONTESTED 453 SEATS! POSTERS ON A HOARDING IN MADRID.



IN BARCELONA, WHERE FEELING RAN HIGH: READING ELECTION POSTERS.



WOMEN VOTE IN A SPANISH ELECTION FOR THE FIRST TIME—AND CAUSE A SWING TO THE RIGHT, AWAY FROM SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS: IN A POLLING STATION IN MADRID.



INCLUDING SOCIALIST AND COMMUNIST APPEALS: POSTERS IN MADRID.



INCLUDING PORTRAITS OF MARX, STALIN, AND LENIN: PICTORIAL POSTERS FOR THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN THE SPANISH CAPITAL.

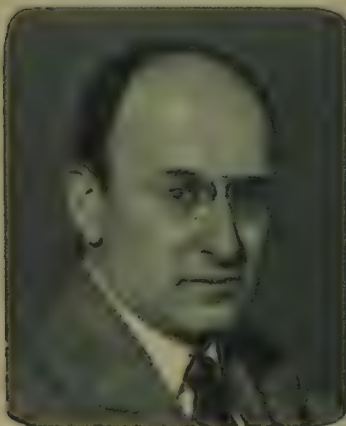


A MADRID STATUE OF DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA SCRAWLED OVER BY A COMMUNIST: A DEFACING ELECTION APPEAL.

A General Election for the first ordinary Cortes of the second Republic—the first General Election since the abdication of King Alfonso—was held in Spain on Sunday, November 19. In Madrid things were quiet, but there were a number of disturbances in the provinces, and there was some loss of life. Women voted for the first time, and there is no doubt that it was they who caused the swing to the Right, away from the Radicals of the Centre Party and the Socialists, Radical-Socialists, and Communists of the Left. There are 453 seats to be filled in the new Parliament. For these there were 7000 declared candidates; but only

2000 were actually voted for. The official Parties numbered 20; and there were some 60 or 70 unofficial so-called Parties. A second ballot will be necessary in thirty-five out of the fifty electoral districts; in those districts, that is, in which none of the parties received the necessary forty per cent. of the votes cast. This second ballot will be held on December 3. It is of interest to add that General Sanjurjo, Marquis del Riff, who was sentenced to death for leading the Royalist revolt last year, but had his sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and is now in prison, polled many votes at Melilla, Spanish Morocco.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

Appointed Under-Secretary and Acting Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, November 15; following the decision of Mr. Woodin to take a holiday, and of Mr. Dean Acheson to leave the Government service. Adviser to the Farm Credit Association. Son of the former Ambassador to Turkey.



MR. WILLIAM BULLITT.

Designated as the first U.S. Ambassador to Soviet Russia, following President Roosevelt's recognition of that country. Has long been a firm advocate of Russo-American friendship, having begged President Wilson to recognise the Soviet before leaving Versailles.



MRS. JOPLING-ROWE.

The well-known artist and lecturer. Died November 19; aged ninety. She exhibited regularly at the Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Paris Salon. Set up an art school, 1884. Was interested in arts and handicrafts, wrote plays, and was an enthusiastic gardener.



SIR ROBERT DIBDIN.

A former President of the Law Society (1924). Died November 19; aged eighty-five. Senior partner of Bridges, Sawtell and Co., of Red Lion Square, Holborn. Honorary Freeman and Alderman of Holborn, and Mayor, 1902-3. Treasurer and Chairman of the National Benevolent Institution.



SIR FORSYTH SCOTT.

Master of St. John's, Cambridge, for twenty-five years, and twenty-five years Bursar. Died November 18; aged eighty-four. Called to the Bar, 1880, after having been mathematical master at Christ's Hospital for two years. Practised for three years. Became Senior Bursar of St. John's, 1883.



MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, THE FAMOUS LITTÉRATEUR AND POLITICIAN; WHOSE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, the well-known essayist, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland at the time of the Easter Week Rebellion in 1916, died on November 20, aged eighty-two. He was the son of a Baptist minister of Liverpool. He ran for Parliament as a Liberal, and after the "landslide" of 1905 became President of the Board of Education. He became Irish Secretary in 1907, and held office right up to the Easter Week Rebellion. His most famous books were his two volumes of "Obiter Dicta." He also wrote a "Life of Charlotte Brontë" (1885), "Men, Women, and Books" (1897), and "Et Cetera" (1930).



AT THE ANGLO-SWEDISH DINNER: SIR SAMUEL HOARE, THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF SWEDEN, AND LADY MAUD HOARE (LEFT TO RIGHT).

The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden were present at the annual dinner of the Anglo-Swedish Society, held on November 17. Sir Samuel Hoare (Secretary for India) was in the chair. The Swedish Minister and Baroness Palmstierna attended. The Marquess and the Marchioness of Milford Haven were among the guests. The Crown Princess of Sweden was Lady Louise Mountbatten and the daughter of the late Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, the first Marquess of Milford Haven.



PROFESSOR LAURIE, THE AUTHORITY ON THE EXAMINATION OF OLD MASTERS; AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE ON THE CASTLE HOWARD HOLBEIN ON ANOTHER PAGE.

Professor A. P. Laurie, the well-known scientific examiner of pictures, is the author of a most interesting article on the subject of the Castle Howard Holbein, which will be found on page 863 of this issue. Mr. Laurie has held many official posts connected with chemical and scientific research. He was Principal of the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, from 1900 to 1928. He is the author of "The Pigments and Mediums of the Old Masters," and other works.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRABANT IN ENGLAND: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER ATTENDING MASS AT THE BELGIAN CHURCH, CAMDEN TOWN.

The Duke of Brabant (the heir to the Belgian throne) and the Duchess spent some time in London on a private visit. The Duke of Brabant was present at a dinner given by the African Society on November 16, which the Prince of Wales attended, as patron of the society. In a speech, the Duke of Brabant paid a graceful tribute to the British solicitude for animals. Subsequently, on November 18, he visited Whipsnade in company with Baron Cartier de Marchienne, the Belgian Ambassador.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

IT is impossible to communicate the charm of John North's "A Shade Byronic." You might as well try to catch a moonbeam. It is a fantasy, the piteous passage of a famous ghost through modern London. Most ghost stories make their appeal to crude terrors, but this Byronic phantasm appeals to a finer sensibility. The key to the adventure of Miss Myles, business secretary and spinster, aged forty-two years, who encountered him on the crowded pavement, is to be found in her deep consciousness at the first moment of their meeting that he was a human soul with the loveliest eyes; she had just gazed profoundly into them. Her protective instincts were instantly aroused; she subordinated her vague apprehensions, not yet amounting to a conviction of the supernatural, to the urgency of rescuing him from the traffic in Piccadilly Circus. She took him home, disguised in her mackintosh, leaving the helmet that was the queerest of his queer habiliments in a convenient litter-basket. Her own affairs went by the board; she was absorbed, oblivious of personal inconvenience, in devotion to her mysterious protégé. And he? He was hardly settled in her rooms than she lost him; he slipped out of her care—seeking, looking—and fading from sight the very next day among the old, old graves at Kensal Green. He left her bereaved of her bright, nameless vision, stricken with an agony of flesh and spirit. What else could have ensued for a woman who, even for a brief night and day, had cherished the despairing, proud spirit of Byron? There is the perfect union of introspection and whimsicality in "A Shade Byronic."

Mary Borden's "Mary of Nazareth" has been written with due reverence, and the list of commentators she has consulted evinces respect for authority. Being the work of a competent novelist, it goes without saying that the composition is harmonious. She has, she says, endeavoured to reconstruct the life of Mary, the mother of Jesus, accepting all the facts recorded in the four Gospels quite simply. So far there is precedent, in Papini and many others. She has interpolated an imaginary conversation between Jesus and his mother, and inserted one or two minor characters as an enlargement of the Gospel story.

It does not appear that the English public has yet discovered Sholem Asch. It has its opportunity now that "Three Cities" is translated into English. In the course of his fifty-odd years, Asch has wandered from Poland, where he was born, to Switzerland, Palestine, the United States, and re-crossed the Atlantic to France, writing books and plays of international repute. Now he is living in Paris, where he has completed the trilogy of "Three Cities." The cities are Petersburg, Warsaw, and Moscow, and the time is the present century, before the World War and after. It is the history of a Polish Jew of innate culture and sensitive perception, and it goes deep to the roots of the Russian Revolution, and to the hearts of the men and women who raised the storm, and suffered it. It is a masterpiece; the most comprehensive work of fiction that has been written about a tremendous



MR. LEO WALMSLEY,
AUTHOR OF "PHANTOM LOBSTER."

subject. It will surely rank as one of the greatest novels of our generation.

After the monumental "Three Cities," the satirical novels that follow appear as lesser books; but highly significant lesser books, having wit that is sweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly. Osbert Sitwell's "Miracle on Sinai" will attract equally the people who revel in it as extremely clever entertainment, and those who enjoy its mordant analysis of a group of typical modern people. The characters are collected in a hotel at the foot of Mount Sinai; there are millionaires (financial and newspaper), a

professional beauty who is a traveller and a multiple divorcee, a celebrated medium, and a trimming Anglican bishop. These are some of the major characters; the small fry, including the child Roddy and his governess, are not less brilliantly drawn because their place in the matter of the miracle is relatively a minor one. The writing is marvellous, and Mr. Sitwell's finale is a matchless gesture of dismissal. "Tropical Winter," by Joseph Hergesheimer, is another ironical gem, exhibiting the American types at Palm Beach, an unedifying spectacle that he presents with convincing art. Elaborate people with impressive cars set the pace at Palm Beach, and serve to stimulate the feverish reactions of the less elaborate. E. M. Delafield, in "Gay Life," plants a miscellaneous party of summer visitors in a Riviera pleasure resort. The hotel harbours one decent English family, an innocuous American, and some respectable French persons, but is otherwise overrun with predatory odds and ends. The hotel child is distressingly realistic. The neurasthenic young man whose day dreams express themselves in self-laudation is the most miserable of these miserable creatures, and only the poise of Miss Delafield's light humour preserves their story from being unbearably painful.

Geoffrey Moss's "I Face the Stars" and Edward Thompson's "So a Poor Ghost" are political novels. Mr. Moss's tale of the Ruhr during the French occupation and at the present time is a strongly sympathetic study of a Rhineland family in the shadow of defeat and disillusion. It is so evidently sincere that, its literary merit apart, it is a book of real importance. The young people who are Nazis in the making cannot look back; even if it



THE DRAMATIC VERSION OF SOME FIFTY PAGES OF MISS ELSWYTH THANE'S NOVEL, "THE TUDOR WENCH": THE PLAY OF THAT NAME AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—MISS BEATRICE LEHMANN AS THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND MR. DERRICK DE MARNEY AS FERNANDO AUBREY; LOOKING AT A HOLBEIN PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII.

As we have noted before, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, is the Tudor Wench of the title. She is fifteen at the time of the action.

is a mirage that they pursue, they must go forward. "So a Poor Ghost" is a distinguished piece of work that would have been the better for an infusion of Mr. Moss's freedom from prejudice. Too many gibes at the Government of India and contemptuous criticisms of the ruling officials are put into the mouth of Philip, the principal character. Mr. Thompson is on less controversial ground in his admirable observation of an Indian Prince, and in the direction of his fine descriptive gift upon the mystical beauty of the streams and forests and mountains of Central India. Spiritual India lies very close to his heart. He is plainly depressed by the confusion he sees in public affairs; and the prevailing tone of "So a Poor Ghost" is pessimistic.

The novelists have rather neglected the wealth of material in the childhood of Queen Elizabeth, if one excepts

the Tower episode and some mud-raking about the nature of her relations with the Lord High Admiral. "The Tudor Wench" comes at the right time. It is a splendid book, created by Elswyth Thane out of the fruits of her long and careful research, and it is sure of a popular welcome. The Elizabeth it gives us is a mettlesome young girl,



MR. EDWARD THOMPSON,
AUTHOR OF "SO A POOR GHOST."
After the Drawing by Hilda Harrison.

schooled to caution by danger and adversity, but over and above that marked out for greatness by her natural gifts. In scholarship she was a child prodigy: it was the age of prodigies. But if she did indeed write the letter of congratulation to her father on his third marriage unaided by any counsellor, the marvel is not that, having attained to riper years, she found England poor and distracted and left it glorious, but that she did not die young, after the manner of too many precocious infants. In this connection Miss Thane makes out a good case for her possession of a sound constitution, and stigmatises the assumptions of hereditary disease and abnormality as the wildest guess-work. The appendix to this book is of absorbing interest, and an indispensable adjunct to the text.

"Phantom Lobster" is a good example of what Leo Walmsley can do with slight material. It takes a very clever person to capture readers with a lobster pot. The gist of the matter is that the characters are real, that the setting, in a fishing village on the Yorkshire coast, is beautiful, and that behind the lobster lurks the gleam of phantom riches. Lobsters in Mr. Walmsley's village are, as "Caller Herrin" has it, lives of men, and the tale carries us into the lives of his fisher-folk. At the same time the affair of the collapsible pot is really thrilling, and the manner of its telling a delight.

"The Camberwell Miracle" is J. W. Beresford's case for mental healing. If you are allowed to construct your own science and select your own test cases, you are in a strong position, but this earnest novel does not contribute anything very helpful to our understanding of the phenomenon of mental healing. So far as one can gather, Mr. Beresford reasons that the moral beauty of his healer's nature was essential to his success. But charlatans have claimed to possess the gift as well as saintly men, and there is considerable evidence that it is not a claim without foundation.

"Jack Robinson," by George Beaton, is the stark narrative of a boy's flight from repression to the open road—not the idealised open road, but the sordid liberty of the tramp, whose raffishness is realistically treated. More fortunate than other runaways, the boy found that his six months in the wilderness did lead him, with bruised



MR. JOHN NORTH, AUTHOR
OF "A SHADE BYRONIC."



MR. SOLOM ASCH,
AUTHOR OF "THREE CITIES."

feet, to the vision of his inheritance, treasure of hope and gaiety, and reception by the mind of the enjoyment of the beauty and freshness of the world. And then it was that he came back to the old cramped quarters, and the mother who saw no transfiguration in one who had discerned, beyond hunger and vile company, "the immortal hilarity round which all the muses sing." Mr. Beaton's analysis of the tumult of adolescence is remarkable, and his book has depth and power.

"Transit of a Demigod," by Joseph Cabot, and "Renewal," by Ambrose South, cater for readers who are easily amused and readers who are easily sentimental, respectively. The demigod is a rich man in a caravan who spends three days near a village, and convulses its normally placid life. "Renewal" is the story of a respectable English working family, with the mother who is a mother before everything else as the central figure. The emotional pedal is pressed too hard. The dialect sounds curiously American: can this be the effect of the talkies in our provincial towns?

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- A Shade Byronic. By John North. (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.)
Mary of Nazareth. By Mary Borden. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Three Cities. By Sholem Asch. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
Miracle on Sinai. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
Tropical Winter. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
Gay Life. By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
I Face the Stars. By Geoffrey Moss (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)
So a Poor Ghost. By Edward Thompson. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
The Tudor Wench. By Elswyth Thane. (Hurst and Blackett; 15s.)
Phantom Lobster. By Leo Walmsley. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
The Camberwell Miracle. By J. D. Beresford. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Jack Robinson. By George Beaton. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)
Transit of a Demigod. By Joseph Cabot. (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.)
Renewal. By Ambrose South. (Grayson; 7s. 6d.)

Eighteenth-Century Russia in a Spectacular British Film.

DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE FINLAY PROCESS.



THE WEDDING SCENE IN "CATHERINE THE GREAT."

CATHERINE (ELIZABETH BERGNER, CENTRE), WITH THE GRAND DUKE PETER (DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR.); THE BRIDE'S MOTHER (IRENE VANBRUGH, LEFT), AND THE EMPRESS ELIZABETH (FLORA ROBSON, RIGHT).

The new historical picture, "Catherine the Great" of which many other scenes were illustrated in our issue of October 14 last) promises to be one of the greatest triumphs of the British film industry. As mentioned in our previous description, it is the work of London Film Productions, Ltd., and was produced at Elstree by Alexander Korda, under the direction of Dr. Paul Czinner; while the costumes, like those of "The Private Life of Henry VIII.," were designed by John Armstrong. It was stated that the new film would be shown in London in the not far-distant future. The cast is very strong. Catherine herself is impersonated by Elizabeth Bergner, who is appearing in "Escape Me Never," the new play by Margaret Kennedy; and the part of Catherine's husband, the wayward and unbalanced Grand Duke Peter (afterwards Tsar Peter III.), is played by Douglas

Fairbanks, jnr. Our present illustration shows the scene of the wedding. On the left is Miss Irene Vanbrugh as the Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, mother of the bride; while on the right is Miss Flora Robson as the bridegroom's aunt, the Empress Elizabeth. Miss Robson is well known for her recent stage performances in "All God's Chillun" and "For Services Rendered." The company for the new film also includes Sir Gerald du Maurier as an aide-de-camp to Peter. The plot concerns mainly the usurpation of the throne by Catherine from her husband. Though by birth a German Princess, she identified herself entirely with Russia, and after seventeen years as Grand Duchess under the Empress Elizabeth, she quickly succeeded her husband (who died shortly after the *coup d'état* which placed her on the throne) and herself ruled Russia as Empress for thirty-four years.

Floral Gems from South Africa.

THE flowers and plants here illustrated are some of those seen in London recently at the South African Wild Flower Exhibition staged at Vincent Square under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, and subsequently at South Africa House. They are reproduced by means of natural-colour photography, and give an excellent idea of the variety and the brilliant hues of the wild flowers of South Africa, which cause wonderment and joy to overseas visitors and botanists and are among the attractions which lure people to that fascinating country of sunshine. In the photograph, species of Proteaceae are prominent. This family of flowering plants is characteristic of the south-western flora of the Cape, and, in addition to Protea, the genera Leucadendron, Leucospermum, Serruria, and Mimetes are included. At the top corners of the picture are the silver tree, or "sultana-bloom," (*Leucadendron arbutifolium*), indigenous to the Cape Peninsula. On the left is the handsome *Protea speciosa*, with compact heads and red-fringed bracts. In the same group is *Protea laurifolia*, with equally fine, but more open, heads. The plant Protea, or mountain rose (*Protea cynaroides*), which occupies the central position in the middle basket, is perhaps the best-known species, owing to its comparative abundance and the phenomenal size of the head. It prefers cool, rocky slopes, and is found as far east as Grahamstown. A more graceful species of Proteaceae in the same basket is the blushing bride, or "tots van Franschoek," (*Serruria bainesii*), an extreme rarity found wild only in the neighbourhood of French Hoek. Mixed with the above are more branches of silver tree, another Leucadendron species, and *Protea repens*. The small flowers below them are the blue *Protea punicea* (Leguminosae) and pink *Serruria bainesii*. It is impossible, in a few words, to do justice to the beauty of *Leucospermum rotundum*, surrounded by the little less beautiful *Mimetes barta*, *Leucadendron polystachyum*, *Protea compacta*, *Erica cuneata*, and *Heliconia rotunda*. A pleasant contrast to the brightly-coloured Proteaceae is the white everlasting, or "sevenjarlig," (*Heliconia rotunda*), which grows on mountain slopes from the Cape to Worcester and George. On the left of the picture we have two more handsome Leucospermums, "Baviaanskluis" or "lajies" (*L. nana*), and "kreupelhout" (*L. conocarpan*). Behind these, the red heaths, *Erica MacGowanii* and *E. Nesleii* show up vividly. Between *Leucadendron arbutifolium* and *Erica Nesleii* is a horticultural favourite better known by its scientific name, *Stylidium reginae*, than by its common name, "Bird of paradise" flower. This flourishes in hard, dry soil in the Eastern Province. As equally characteristic of the south-western flora as the Proteaceae are the Ericas, relatives of the British heaths. Over five hundred species have been described from South Africa; and on the Peninsula, an area approximating to Surrey in size, more than one hundred are recorded. The splendid group, including *E. Walkerii*, *E. propensum*, *E. viscaria*, and *E. sumatrensis*, gives an impression of how the mountain-sides glow with their bright colours.



THE "SOUTH AFRICAN SPRING" THAT WAS IN LONDON: WILD FLOWERS OF THE CAPE—A NATURAL-COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PROBLEMS OF HEREDITY, AND PLUME-MOTHS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THERE are some who find satisfaction in taunting the man of science on his vacillation. He is always, they say, changing what he is pleased to call his mind, even on themes which he has made peculiarly his own, wherein he differs from the mathematician who represents "exact science." This is really a very stupid form of criticism, raised commonly against the biologist and more especially the "evolutionist." This is, I repeat, a very stupid form of criticism, and betrays a hopeless ignorance of the theme so triumphantly held up to scorn.

For the task of the biologist is one of extreme difficulty. He is faced not so much with the task of evolving order out of chaos, as with the interpretation of organisms which are consistent only in their inconsistency. And this because living organisms are always in a state of unstable equilibrium. It is to this fact that the innumerable kinds or species of animals and plants, amounting to millions, have come into being and are for ever changing. Some, indeed, do show a singular constancy, adding thus to the difficulties of interpretation. Take that curious creature *Lingula*, one of the brachiopods, a group resembling molluscs such as mussels, but in no wise related thereto. We meet with it first among the oldest fossiliferous rocks—the Ordovician—and have its living descendants to-day, unchanged after millions of years! Other members of its tribe which came into being at the same time have long since become

element in their parentage. Seeds from the plants of this mixed "blood" gave a no less surprising result. For now both tall and dwarf appeared again, and of the same height as their grandparents. But more than this. He found that, of this second generation, one



1. THE WHITE PLUME-MOTH: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOTH (ENLARGED), SHOWING THE SATIN TEXTURE OF THE WINGS; THE FORE-WINGS CLEFT FOR HALF THEIR LENGTH, AND THE HIND-WINGS, AS IT WERE, CUT UP TO FORM THREE PLUMES.

The hindmost pair of legs are exceedingly fragile, and the museum specimens are commonly damaged in this respect. The right leg in the photograph shows the great length attained, and the conspicuous spines with which it is armed.

quarter of the plants yielded nothing but pure tall plants, and one quarter nothing but pure dwarfs. That is to say, seeds from such plants without exception always gave either tall or dwarfs. The remaining half yielded seeds producing both tall and dwarf. That discovery marks an epoch in the study of heredity. Countless other experiments on both plants and animals have been made since then, notably by the late Professor Bateson and Professor Punnett of Cambridge. Their results I should like to summarise on another occasion.

The value and importance of "Mendelism," as this aspect of the study of heredity is called, is beyond dispute. But, although the "Mendelians" will not admit it, we are as far off as ever in our attempts to discover how animals and plants become transformed in response to changed habits—as the mole to burrowing or the whale to swimming. We commonly call them "adjustments to the environment." In a sense that is true. But contentment with this "explanation" hinders our chances of progress in this direction, because it lays too much stress on the environment. The fish and the whale both live in the same environment, but their structure is very

different. It makes the environment the potter, and the transformed body the clay. Rather we should survey the result as due to intensive activities of these living bodies in one direction, determined, commonly, by choice of food. Habit precedes structure. An animal finds a new haunt or a new food more to its liking than that which, so far, had contented it. Henceforth its mode of life changes, and new bodily activities are brought into play which slowly induce a change in structure in the part or parts of the body affected, until at last a profound change, sometimes including the whole body, as in the case of the whale, results. Mendelism will not explain how these things come to be.

Even if we could solve the mysteries which yet enshroud the transformation of animals such as the whale, there are yet other and scarcely less striking structural changes which would still require explanation. I could cite scores of cases of this kind, but one must suffice me now; and this shall be the plume-moth, because during this summer my attention has been especially called to it.

In all other butterflies and moths, the wings are formed of a continuous sheet of transparent chitin, strengthened by rod-like branches or "nervures," and covered by minute scales, often presenting a coloration of marvellous beauty. But in one species, the comma-butterfly, these wings are notched, so as to present a jagged edge. In the plume-moths



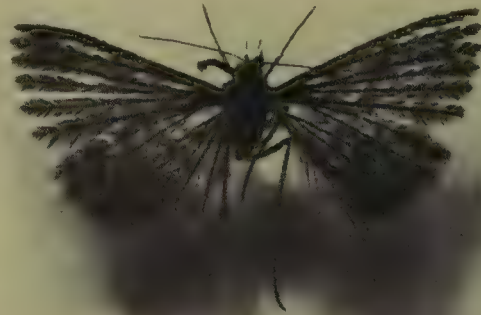
2. *PTEROPHORUS MONODACTYLUS*, A BRITISH SPECIES OF PLUME-MOTH BELONGING TO A DIFFERENT GENUS FROM THE WHITE PLUME-MOTH: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THIS REMARKABLE TYPE OF WING, FOR WHICH NO EXPLANATION HAS YET BEEN FOUND TO ACCOUNT.

In all other moths and butterflies the wings are formed of a continuous and exceedingly thin sheet of membrane, perfectly transparent, like the wings of bees. But this is covered, in the moths and butterflies, by minutely overlapping scales, often forming patterns exquisitely coloured.

extinct, and yet others, profoundly changed as compared with these early types, swarm in our seas to-day. What induced these changes? Why did the earlier species become extinct?

I have just been inspecting some cabbages and broccoli in my garden. As seedlings when planted out, all looked—well, just as such healthy seedlings should look. To-day, some are stunted and worthless and others are vigorous plants. Yet the stunted and vigorous are growing side by side. All, apparently, have had equally good opportunities in regard to soil and light. But I doubt very much whether even exhaustive examination would reveal why some have failed and others thriven. It does not really explain matters to say that these differences were "constitutional."

The Abbé Gregor Mendel, over seventy years ago, in his secluded garden in the Monastery of Brunn, set himself the task of discovering the source of some of these mysteries of life, and his work has had far-reaching results. He and Darwin were attacking the same problems, each unknown to the other. Mendel's work, indeed, remained unheard of till 1900. He concentrated on the problem of heredity, and chose for this purpose experiments with peas, because, being self-fertilised, they eliminated sources of error due to intercrossing by insects. He crossed 6-ft. tall and dwarf varieties no more than 18 in. high. The resultant first generation yielded a surprising result—all the plants were tall; some, indeed, were even taller than the tall parent of 6 ft. high. They showed no trace of the dwarf



3. *ORNEODES HEXADACTYLUS*, COMMONLY CALLED THE TWENTY-PLUMED MOTH: A SPECIES IN WHICH THE WINGS ARE MORE CUT UP THAN IN ANY OTHERS OF THE TRIBE, THOUGH THERE IS NOTHING IN ITS HABITS TO EXPLAIN WHY THIS SHOULD BE. This species, when resting, keeps the wings expanded. The coloration of the wings is of a rusty yellow with violet transverse bands, bordered with white. The caterpillars feed on the buds of honeysuckle and scabius. One of the plume-moths, strangely enough, has wings like that of an ordinary moth.



4. A BRITISH MOTH WITH CURIOUSLY FORMED WINGS HAVING THE APPEARANCE OF FEATHERS: PLUME-MOTHS (*ALUCITA PENTADACTYLA*), RESTING ON GRASS FLOWER-HEADS.

In this attitude, the moth appears to have but one pair of wings. In the lower specimen the body is suspended back-downwards, revealing the extremely long hind-legs armed with spines. The caterpillar feeds on sloe, and various other fruit-trees.

similar notches cut down into the membrane, converting the once continuous sheet into a number of separate rods, clothed with scales which give the effect of feathers, as will be seen in Fig. 2. The fore-wing may have two or three such notches; the hind-wings three or more. And in one species (*Orneodes hexadactylus*) the fore-wing is broken up into eight, and the hind-wings into four, rod-like branches. What can have given rise to the breaking-up of the wing-membranes after this fashion? One can scarcely attribute it to "natural selection"; nor can one, with any satisfaction, fall back on the theory of "mutation"—a sudden variation—to help us. Flight appears to be in no way affected by it. Moreover, the same modification has occurred in two unrelated families, for *Orneodes* is only distantly related to the plume-moths.

Alucita pentadactyla I frequently found on the grass in my paddock this year, and when resting the wings appeared as though formed of a single slender rod on each side. The camera shows them, as in Fig. 4, like a rod split at the end. When more highly magnified, their beautiful feather-like structure is brought to light. Here is a problem not only for entomologists, but for all who are interested in problems of heredity and evolution. Since all these moths are fairly common British species, I commend their study to those of my readers who, though entomologists, have never given this group much attention. They may perchance find a clue to the puzzling fact that there is one species among this tribe of plume-moths which has wings of the normal type. That is to say, they are *not* split up into plume-bearing branches.



THE LOSS OF THE "SAXILBY" IN AN ATLANTIC STORM: PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE "BERENGARIA" AS THE GREAT CUNARDER TRIED IN VAIN TO RESCUE THE CREW.
The British S.S. "Saxilby" was abandoned in an Atlantic storm about 400 miles from Valentia on November 15, her last message saying that the crew of twenty-seven were taking to the boats. The Cunard liner "Berengaria," the "City of Manchester," and other vessels, on receiving the steamer's S.O.S., proceeded with all speed to the scene, but the gale and mountainous seas made it impossible to find the steamer or her boats, and the search was eventually given up.



THE LOSS OF THE "SAXILBY": CAPTAIN E. T. BRITTEN, OF THE "BERENGARIA," TELEPHONING TO SHORE CONCERNING HIS ATTEMPT TO RESCUE THE CREW.

The "Saxilby" was a vessel of 3630 tons, owned by the Ropner Shipping Company and registered at West Hartlepool. She was bound for Port Talbot, Glamorgan, from Newfoundland, with a cargo of iron ore. Captain E. T. Britten, Commander of the "Berengaria," on arrival at Cherbourg, told how his liner spent seven hours searching for the crew of the "Saxilby." Ship-to-shore telephoning was used, and most of the passengers stayed up on deck during the night.



THE PIT EXPLOSION NEAR CHESTERFIELD, IN WHICH FOURTEEN MEN WERE KILLED: THE SCENE NEAR THE GRASSMOOR COLLIERY PITHEAD AS RELATIVES WAITED FOR NEWS.
Early in the morning of November 19 an explosion of a pocket of gas in a gallery a mile and a half from the bottom of the pit shaft occurred in the No. 8 Deep Hard Pit of the Grassmoor Colliery Company, four miles south of Chesterfield. Fourteen men were killed outright, and four were injured. The King, on hearing the news, at once had a telephone message sent to Prince George, who was staying at Chatsworth as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, asking him to go to the colliery
(Continued below.)



AN OMNIBUS ON FIRE: THE WRECKAGE AFTER THE FIRE, IN WHICH ONE MAN WAS BURNED TO DEATH AND NINE PEOPLE WERE INJURED.

A Manchester Corporation omnibus caught fire on the night of November 16 after coming into collision with a lorry at Trafford Park. One man was killed, and another man and eight girls were injured. The omnibus skidded, and, after colliding with a stationary lorry, burst suddenly into flames and burnt from end to end. The occupants rushed to the exit and some managed to get out unhurt. The dead man's body was recovered later from the wreckage.



PRINCE GEORGE, WHO WAS ASKED BY THE KING TO VISIT THE GRASSMOOR COLLIERY, WITH THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, and express their Majesties' deep concern and sympathy. The men killed and injured were part of a night shift of thirty-four who were the only men at work in the pit. The explosion occurred without warning, and officials were at a loss to account for it. Nothing of the kind had happened at the colliery before.



A FRENCH AIR-LINER CRASHES AT BEAUVAIS—WITH NO CASUALTIES: THE REMAINS OF THE MACHINE.

A French aeroplane of the Paris-London air service crashed on the roof of a carpet factory at Beauvais on November 16, and was destroyed by fire, together with the mails and cargo. The pilot and wireless operator, who were alone on board, landed safely by parachute. The machine was flying at about 3000 feet, when one of the engines caught fire. The mist was too thick for a forced landing, and the two occupants therefore jumped. The aeroplane burnt furiously after hitting the factory, and caused considerable damage to the building.



PILOT LEBURGUE (LEFT) AND WIRELESS-OPERATOR LEPECHEUR, WHO ESCAPED.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



ST. ANDREW'S, MARYLEBONE, TRANSFERRED TO KINGSBURY FOR RE-ERECTION: NUMBERED SECTIONS LAID OUT; AND THE CHURCH BEING REASSEMBLED.

The correspondent who sends us these photographs of the reassembling of St. Andrew's Church, Marylebone, at Kingsbury, Middlesex, writes: "At Kingsbury men are solving a big 'puzzle.' The 'pieces' are arrayed in numbered sequence all over a field. It will take them about twelve months to complete the 'puzzle,' and when it is finished it will be St. Andrew's Church, Kingsbury, instead of St. Andrew's Church, Marylebone. The men are not building a new church; but are rebuilding a church that has been transplanted from the centre of London to the outskirts. Formerly it stood in Wells Street, but business premises and a sparse congregation caused the move." The foundation-stone of the church in Wells Street, it may be noted, was laid in 1846. The tower and spire were 155 ft. high, and the building cost £7000. The freehold of the site on Wells Street was given by Archdeacon Berners, the ground landlord, at the time.



REASSEMBLING ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (ONCE OF MARYLEBONE) AT KINGSBURY: AN EXPERT PIECING TOGETHER THE FINE REREDOS; UNDER COVER OF A TARPULIN.



GOG AND MAGOG IN THE U.S.A.: THE FIGURES FROM A CHEAPSIDE CLOCK SET UP IN MICHIGAN.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph writes: "The figures of Gog and Magog, photographed in Greenfield Village, Michigan, whither Henry Ford brought them from England. Gog and Magog were formerly over Sir John Bennett's shop in Cheapside, London." The premises of Sir John Bennett and Son stand close to Bow Church; and many of our readers will recall the crowds that formerly collected to watch the clock strike the hours.



A REPRESENTATION OF THE NELSON COLUMN, OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE, ERECTED IN HONG KONG: A MONUMENT INAUGURATED ON NAVY DAY.

A correspondent in Hong Kong writes: "This picture shows the erection of a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the Trafalgar Square Monument, which was completed in front of the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong on the occasion of the Navy Day celebrations on October 21. These celebrations attracted great attention in the colony. They culminated with a Navy Ball, which was very well attended."



A MEET AT THE MEMORIAL TO "BEWARE CHALK PIT"—THE HORSE FAMOUS FOR ITS CHALK PIT ACCIDENT IN 1733.

The Hursley Hunt met at Farley Mount, not far from Winchester, recently; and its followers had a chance to inspect a famous tablet which commemorates a remarkable fox-hunting incident of exactly 200 years ago, when a horse leapt into a chalk pit (25 ft. deep) with his master, Paulet St. John, on his back; and then a year later won the Hunters' Plate on Worthy Downs when ridden by his master, and entered in the name of "Beware Chalk Pit." An inscription in the memorial records the event and the extraordinary sequel.



CELEBRATING THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OCCUPATION OF MATABELELAND, IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA: PIONEERS OF 1893 LAYING A WREATH ON RHODES'S GRAVE.

The two photographs reproduced above illustrate different features of the celebrations in Southern Rhodesia of the fortieth anniversary of the occupation of Matabeleland. These included a pageant carnival procession, with a section illustrating the development of transport from the ox-wagon to the aeroplane. In the course of the celebrations, pioneers who founded the town of Bulawayo in 1893 assembled at the grave of Cecil Rhodes, in the Matopo Hills, to pay homage



THE PAGEANT OF TRANSPORT IN THE MATABELELAND CELEBRATIONS: A REALISTIC LOCOMOTIVE CONSTRUCTED ON A MOTOR-LORRY BY THE RHODESIAN RAILWAYS.

to the founder of Rhodesia. Mr. Scott, the oldest pioneer present, laid the first wreath on behalf of the 1893 column. The realistic reproduction of a railway locomotive was built on a motor-lorry by the Rhodesian Railways for the procession. It was awarded a special prize, as well as first prize in the section illustrating the development of transport. The prizes were presented by Lady Rodwell, wife of Sir Cecil Rodwell, the Governor of Rhodesia.

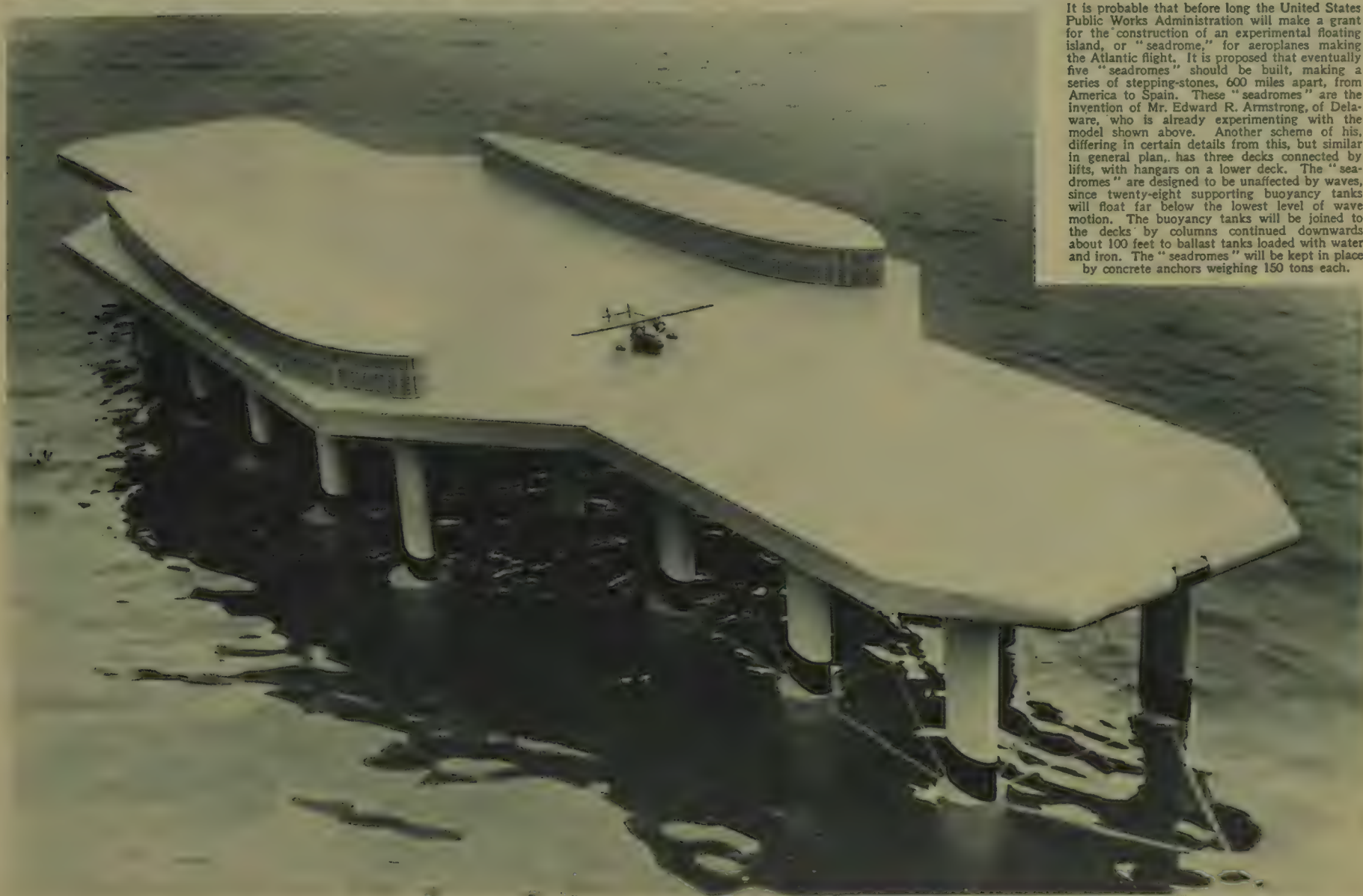
THE THIRD SESSION OF THE EIGHTH PARLIAMENT OF HIS MAJESTY'S REIGN.



His Majesty the King opened Parliament in State on November 21. He began his speech by saying: "The central purpose of My Government in international affairs is to promote and to sustain, by every means in their power, peace in the world. With this object in view, My Government will continue to co-operate with other Governments in endeavouring to reach a satisfactory solution of the complicated questions of disarmament, in order to achieve a settlement acceptable to all and to attain fruitful results from the prolonged labours of the Disarmament Conference. My Government remain determined to uphold the work of international co-operation by collective action through the machinery of the League of Nations and in all other ways calculated to further good relations between all States and Peoples." The customary ceremonial was followed. The State coach was drawn by eight bay horses; and the royal coachman, outriders, and footmen were in full State livery, although they were mackintoshes.

THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE KING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN, ON HIS WAY TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE HE MADE HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, EMPHASISING THE COUNTRY'S DESIRE FOR PEACE IN THE WORLD.

A "SEADROME" FOR THE ATLANTIC AIR ROUTE: AN EXPERIMENTAL OCEAN "STEPPING-STONE."



It is probable that before long the United States Public Works Administration will make a grant for the construction of an experimental floating island, or "seadrome," for aeroplanes making the Atlantic flight. It is proposed that eventually five "seadromes" should be built, making a series of stepping-stones, 600 miles apart, from America to Spain. These "seadromes" are the invention of Mr. Edward R. Armstrong, of Delaware, who is already experimenting with the model shown above. Another scheme of his, differing in certain details from this, but similar in general plan, has three decks connected by lifts, with hangars on a lower deck. The "seadromes" are designed to be unaffected by waves, since twenty-eight supporting buoyancy tanks will float far below the lowest level of wave motion. The buoyancy tanks will be joined to the decks by columns continued downwards about 100 feet to ballast tanks loaded with water and iron. The "seadromes" will be kept in place by concrete anchors weighing 150 tons each.

A 35-FOOT, 2200-POUND MODEL FOR AN ATLANTIC FLOATING AERODROME LAUNCHED FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES IN THE CHOPTANK RIVER, OFF CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND—THE FORERUNNER OF A REAL "SEADROME" PROBABLY TO BE FINANCED SOON IN THE UNITED STATES: THE INVENTION OF MR. EDWARD R. ARMSTRONG.

HAPPENINGS OUT OF THE COMMON: NOTABLE EVENTS FAR AND NEAR.



THE DRAMATIC CHASE OF A TRAWLER OFF THE HEBRIDES: THE GUN-BOAT "DOON" (ON LEFT) AND THE ARRESTED TRAWLER, "LUCIDA," LASHED TOGETHER AT STORNOWAY.

Notice of appeal was given, on November 20, by the Naval authorities and the Scottish Fishery Board, in the case of Bertram Jinks, skipper of the Fleetwood steam-trawler "Lucida," and the appeal was expected to be heard in Edinburgh. On the 17th, in the Sheriff Court at Stornoway, Jinks had been acquitted of disobeying instructions given by the Commander of H.M.S. "Doon," a fishery protection gun-boat. A charge of illegal trawling was withdrawn, as outside the Court's jurisdiction. On November 11 the "Doon" had arrested the

"Lucida" on suspicion of trawling in a prohibited area. The gun-boat's commander put a seaman on board and ordered her to proceed to Stornoway.



PURSUER AND PURSUED: LT.-COMM. DALISON, OF H.M.S. "DOON," WITH BERT JINKS, SKIPPER OF THE "LUCIDA," AT STORNOWAY. The "Lucida," it was said, made for the open sea, whereupon the "Doon" gave chase and informed the Fishery Board, which, in turn communicated with the Admiralty, and a destroyer was sent out. The "Lucida" was rearrested by the "Doon" twenty-four hours later off Fleetwood.



MANCHESTER'S 20,000TH MUNICIPAL HOUSE OPENED BY THE MINISTER OF HEALTH—HERE SEEN, WITH THE LORD MAYOR, CHATTING TO TENANTS.

Sir Hilton Young, Minister of Health, opened on November 20 the 20,000th house built by the Manchester Corporation. After the ceremony, which took place on the Wythenshawe estate, the Minister and the Lord Mayor of Manchester, Alderman Binns (here seen wearing his chain of office), chatted with some of the tenants. The occasion forms an interesting pendant to the account of Manchester's great efforts in slum-clearance and rehousing, described, with illustrations, on three other pages.



THE EARTHQUAKE THAT MADE THE WORLD TREMBLE: A RECORD OF THE SHOCK AS IT APPEARED ON THE SEISMOGRAPH AT SELFREDGE'S.

Early on November 21 Mr. J. J. Shaw, of West Bromwich, the seismologist, announced: "A great earthquake has just occurred. . . . The whole world is shaking at the present moment. . . . The shock is probably 2360 miles distant." In a later message he said: "We have had nothing bigger . . . for probably twenty years." Messages came also from Sydney and from Victoria, British Columbia. Victoria reported "an earthquake of tremendous proportions, the greatest ever recorded at the Dominion Observatory." Later, Kew Observatory located it in Baffin Bay.



THE FIRST MEN TO TRAVEL AT 100 M.P.H. ON SALT WATER: MR. H. SCOTT-PAINE AND HIS MECHANIC, IN "MISS BRITAIN III.," MAKING A NEW SPEED-BOAT RECORD.

Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, in "Miss Britain III.," on November 16, established an unofficial world's salt-water record for single-engined boats of 100.132 miles per hour, in two runs over a measured mile on Southampton Water. He was accompanied by his mechanic, Mr. Gordon Thomas, and the engine was a 1375-h.p. Napier. On the first run the speed was 102.105 m.p.h. No other boat ever travelled at 100 m.p.h. on salt water. Just 18 years ago Mr. Scott-Paine produced the first 100 m.p.h. flying-boat, and Southampton Water was also the scene of that record.

HOLBEIN UNDER X-RAYS: A TEST OF THE CASTLE HOWARD "HENRY VIII."

EXPLANATORY NOTE BY PROFESSOR A. P. LAURIE.
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(SEE TWO FOLLOWING PAGES.)

The great Holbein controversy over the Castle Howard portrait of Henry VIII. (reproduced in colours in our issue of October 7) continues to arouse intense interest. We give on this page the opinions of Professor A. P. Laurie on the results of a scientific examination of the picture. His deductions are necessarily personal. On another page we also give the views of Dr. Ganz, and our readers may be left to judge for themselves. Recently Mr. Gerald Kelly suggested that the portrait should be examined by certain artists. This was agreed to by the owner, Mr. Geoffrey Howard, and Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., at whose galleries it was exhibited, and eight well-known artists recorded their independent opinion of its artistic qualities. Although much of their comment was adverse, it has not been accepted as decisive. Mr. Roger Fry, for instance, has protested against the suggestion "that this particular self-constituted jury can in any sense be taken to represent the opinion of artists as a whole." Mr. Herbert Read, again, contends that the considered view of Dr. Paul Ganz, the acknowledged authority on Holbein, who has pronounced the picture an undoubted work by him, and "the most important portrait ever painted of Henry VIII.," cannot be dismissed on the opinion of any number of artists who, however distinguished professionally, are "amateurs in criticism."

THE Castle Howard portrait of Henry VIII. has had an interesting history. It was bought by the Earl of Carlisle at the sale of the famous Arundel collection of pictures in 1721, and the Earl of Arundel was a direct descendant of the Duke of Norfolk, the uncle of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. The date of the picture, 1542, is the date of

[Continued on right.]



AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HEAD IN THE MUCH-DISCUSSED CASTLE HOWARD PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII., TAKEN IN ITS STATE BEFORE THE PRESENT RESTORATION.

The X-ray photograph gives a more favourable impression of what the original picture was like. On the left side there are faint indications of the ear having been painted lower down.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE: AN ORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HEAD AS IT WAS AFTER REMOVAL OF THE OVERPAINT, BUT BEFORE ANY MENDING HAD BEEN DONE BY THE RESTORER.

Katherine Howard's execution. Apparently the King and the Duke of Norfolk remained friends in spite of the execution of the two nieces of the Duke, and it is supposed that the King may have made him a present of his portrait by Holbein, the Court painter. In addition to the many pictures ascribed to Holbein, we have in Windsor Castle a remarkable collection of his drawings, portraits of men and women about the Court. There is also a drawing of an earlier portrait of the King executed as a wall-painting, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. These drawings are perfect illustrations of Holbein's skill, drawn with clean, firm touches in the most masterly manner, with the minimum of line and shading. Holbein lived at a time, when oil painting was developing from highly finished painting of the fifteenth century, in the style of the Italian pictures in tempera, into a freer brushwork, using a more facile medium, and Holbein seems to have painted in both styles. His two styles are illustrated by the two pictures in the National Gallery. The "Duchess of Milan" is painted in the older style, although at a later date, and the "Ambassadors" is painted in the freer, fuller style of the Venetian school. The Howard portrait is painted in the same style as the "Duchess of Milan." The ornamental robe, stiff with embroidery and padding, has been treated decoratively. The face has been thinly painted on the drawing made on the white gesso covering the panel, and modelled with thin, translucent shadows. This highly finished work, similar to the painting of the Flemish fifteenth-century painters, was probably executed in a thickened linseed oil known as Stand oil, and laid on with soft brushes rounded and pointed, like the sable brushes used to-day for water-colour painting. The picture had been repainted more than once. The layers of repaint have now been removed, except for the shadows replaced by an early restorer. Unfortunately, at some stage in its history a restorer has removed the original thinly painted shadows on the hands and face and replaced them. It is only necessary to compare photomicrographs of the picture with those of the "Duchess of Milan" (see next page) to realise how the original painting has suffered. The portrait of the Duchess is simply and perfectly modelled. The portrait of the King is flat, and the shadows are not quite rightly placed. The X-ray photograph gives a better impression of the original. The discussion as to whether the original picture was by Holbein or an assistant can never arrive at a conclusion, as we are not looking at the picture as painted by the original painter, whoever he was, but after over-cleaning and repainting of the shadows on the face and hands by an early restorer. Two lessons can be drawn from this picture: the absurdity of connoisseurs or artists discussing the attribution of a picture before it has undergone a scientific examination to decide how much of the original is left, and the danger of a priceless work of art being ruined by over-cleaning and then repainting by a restorer.—A. P. LAURIE.

HOLBEIN COMPARISONS—"HENRY VIII." AND "THE DUCHESS OF MILAN."

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HOLBEIN'S "DUCHESS OF MILAN": THE COMPLETE FACE.



THE CASTLE HOWARD "HENRY VIII." (AS RESTORED): THE FACE.



HOLBEIN'S "DUCHESS OF MILAN": THE EYES.



THE CASTLE HOWARD "HENRY VIII.": THE EYES.



HOLBEIN'S "DUCHESS OF MILAN": THE NOSE AND MOUTH.



THE CASTLE HOWARD "HENRY VIII.": THE NOSE AND MOUTH.

In his article on the preceding page, Professor A. P. Laurie draws a comparison between the Castle Howard portrait of Henry VIII. and Holbein's famous portrait of the Duchess of Milan (now in the National Gallery), which is one of the greatest among the acknowledged works of that Master. To bear out this comparison, we reproduce on this page, side by side, detail photographs of face and features—

eyes, nose, and mouth—from the two portraits. As Dr. Ganz has stated (in an article quoted on the next page), "the face [in the 'Henry VIII.' portrait] has not been touched in the recent cleaning, but left as it was." The similarity of style and treatment in the two portraits is obvious, and our readers can form their own opinion as to the Castle Howard picture being an authentic Holbein.

A "PROTOTYPE" AMONG HOLBEINS: "HENRY VIII."—STAGES OF CLEANING.

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THE CASTLE HOWARD PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII. AS IT APPEARED BEFORE ITS PRESENT RESTORATION TO ITS ORIGINAL STATE: THE PICTURE SEEN WITH ALL THE OVER-PAINTING (INCLUDING THE HAT-FEATHER).



AN EARLY STAGE IN THE PROCESS OF RESTORATION: THE CASTLE HOWARD PORTRAIT WITH PART OF AN OVER-PAINTED PATTERN BACKGROUND (UPPER RIGHT) IN COURSE OF REMOVAL, REVEALING THE ORIGINAL BACKGROUND (UPPER LEFT).



THE KING'S LEFT HAND IN THE CASTLE HOWARD PORTRAIT OF HENRY VIII. (FROM THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION ON THE RIGHT) AFTER REMOVAL OF OVER-PAINTING: SHOWING HOW LITTLE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE TO THE ORIGINAL.

What was involved in restoring the Castle Howard portrait of Henry VIII. to its original state is well indicated in the above photographs. It will be seen that the final cleaning revealed no very great damage that is not normally found in a painting of such age, and that the picture required mending rather than restoration. When it came into the hands of Dr. Ganz



THE PORTRAIT AS IT APPEARED AFTER REMOVAL OF OVER-PAINTING: SHOWING THAT THE SURFACE HAD SUSTAINED NO REAL DAMAGE, BUT ONLY SMALL BLISTERS (NORMAL IN PICTURES OF SUCH AGE) REQUIRING MENDING RATHER THAN REPLACEMENT.

for that purpose, he wrote: "It was not possible to see the picture's original condition, because it was utterly changed by later retouchings. It had passed through the hands of four different restorers, who completely over-painted it, so that four different backgrounds of dark and clear green, clear blue and brown, had to be removed before Holbein's genuine blue came to the surface." Writing in the current (November) number of the "Burlington Magazine," Dr. Ganz says, referring to Holbein's later group of portraits of Henry at about the age of fifty-one: "The Castle Howard portrait is the prototype, which was used by those who made such insensitive reproductions as those at the National Portrait Gallery, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Warwick Castle. . . . The condition of the Castle Howard portrait is good. The face has not been touched in the recent cleaning, but left as it was. The damages produced by blisters have been restored on the right hand and glove, mantle and background. The white feather on the hat, added by a restorer who copied the background from an earlier full-size portrait, has been taken off."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY HOAX: THE REMBRANDT THAT WASN'T.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THIS story concerns two people who cut a great figure in the world in their day, but whose fame has since suffered eclipse. In the case of one of them, Thomas Hudson, he had the misfortune to be the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, so that later generations remembered him only for his influence, such as it was, upon his brilliant pupil, and forgot his quite solid contributions to English painting, which include a large family group at Blenheim of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, and the portrait of Handel in the National Portrait Gallery. He was successful, amiable, and, in addition, a genuine connoisseur and the owner of the finest collection in England of drawings by the Old Masters: as will presently appear, he was a trifle pompous and convinced of his own capacity as an unerring judge of quality and authenticity.

Among his contemporaries was the completely forgotten Benjamin Wilson (no relation to the real

of our knowledge of the personalities and topography of late eighteenth-century London. This is more or less how Wilson described the affair to Benjamin West. "Hudson upon all occasions maintained that no one could etch like Rembrandt: here he was right:—that no one could deceive him and that he could always discover an imitation of Rembrandt directly he saw it: wherein I maintained he was wrong. To prove this I one evening scratched a landscape and took a dirty impression of it to a man

seventeenth-century etching which modern criticism now gives not to Rembrandt, but to one of his followers; it is near enough to the manner of the great Dutch master to make Hudson's mistake, in a not too critical age, understandable, and had he not claimed infallibility the episode would no doubt have been forgotten: as it is, he comes down in history as Sir Joshua's master and the willing victim of a clever trap.

The odd versatility of Benjamin Wilson can be

tested by the fact that his ability as a portrait painter brought him in about £1500 a year for a long period, while his fame as a scientist involved him in a long dispute with Benjamin Franklin as to whether lightning conductors should be round or pointed at the top, and wafted him to a seat on a committee formed to regulate the erection of lightning-conductors on St. Paul's Cathedral. He also had the distinction in 1766 of being declared a defaulter

A proof-print from this plate, designed and etched by B. Wilson, was sold as a very fine Rembrandt to one of the greatest Connoisseurs for Six Shillings, the 17 April 1751.



1. BENJAMIN WILSON'S IMITATION REMBRANDT ETCHING: A LANDSCAPE WHICH DECEIVED A CONFIDENT CONNOISSEUR. The story of the eighteenth-century hoax that centres round this etching is told in Mr. Davis's accompanying article. It bears the following inscription, etched by Wilson after the success of his plot: "A proof-print from this plate, designed and etched by B. Wilson, was sold as a very fine Rembrandt to one of the greatest Connoisseurs for Six Shillings, the 17 April 1751."

who sold books and prints upon the Pavement in St. Martin's lane, and, after endeavouring to cry down Rembrandt, showed him the impression, for which he offered to give me a fine Vandyke head. As the fellow caught the bait, the next day I called to look at some more of Vandyke heads, when he observed that he had sold the Rembrandt, but I could not obtain from him the name of the purchaser: however, it turned out just as I expected. Hudson was showing it about to his friends as a rare Rembrandt, not at all described in the Catalogue. He admired it beyond everything he possessed. When I told Hogarth of this, 'D—n it,' said he, 'let us expose the fat-headed fellow.' I took the hint, and without telling anyone what I meant to do, invited Hogarth, Scott" (Samuel Scott, the marine painter), "Lambert and others to meet Hudson at supper. Before the cold sirloin was carried in, I stuck it full of skewers, charged with impressions." West asked what Hogarth said. "He! An impudent dog! He did nothing but laugh the whole evening—Hudson never forgave me for it."

Wilson's third son, Robert, became General Sir Robert Wilson, Governor of Gibraltar, and in the latter's life by Randolph is to be found a rather more complicated version of the same story, to the effect that Benjamin Wilson put this print into a portfolio with several genuine Rembrandt etchings and sent it to Hudson, who bought it for six shillings. Hogarth then persuaded Wilson to try his hand on another etching—an imitation Rembrandt head. Harding, the print-seller, was taken in by this, together with several other collectors, and Wilson spent his profits on a supper, more or less as related above.

I illustrate (Fig. 3) an attractive self-portrait by Wilson; a very clever Rembrandtesque head (Fig. 2), signed

and dated 1638, which is presumably the one mentioned in the second version of the story; and the famous landscape (Fig. 1) which was the genesis of the whole affair. The landscape bears the following inscription, etched, of course, by Wilson himself after his hoax had succeeded:

"A proof-print from this plate, designed and etched by B. Wilson, was sold as a very fine Rembrandt to one of the greatest Connoisseurs for Six Shillings the 17 April 1751."

Perhaps I should add that Wilson's print is not a copy of, but a variation upon, a

on the Stock Exchange. He was, in short, a good, competent, all-round sort of fellow, who liked a joke and a gamble, painted a great number of good, competent pictures, and is now chiefly remembered for a single successful hoax. At one point in his life his path crosses that of Richard Wilson. Benjamin was in high favour with the Duke of York and later with the King after George III. had made quite sure that he was not Richard. The latter, it is said, asked sixty guineas for his picture, "A View of Sion House from Richmond Gardens," and Lord Bute, on behalf of the King, said it was too much. Richard Wilson replied that if the King could not pay the whole sum at once, he would accept instalments. So the genius Richard lost the patronage of the Court, and the merely competent Benjamin—whose manners were excellent—basked in the sunshine at Windsor. Richard's fame to-day needs no recommendation, for it fills the English-speaking world: all the more excuse for me to hold up a modest candle to the shade of Benjamin.



2. AN IMITATION REMBRANDT ETCHING, SIGNED AND DATED 1638, VERY CLEVERLY DONE BY BENJAMIN WILSON: PROBABLY THE ETCHING THAT HOGARTH PERSUADED WILSON TO DO FOR A JOKE.

genius, Richard), for whom Zoffany, in his early days, painted draperies, and who succeeded Hogarth as Serjeant-Painter to the King at the latter's death in 1761.

Wilson was a strange compound of artistic ability and scientific enthusiasm. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and published "Experiments and Observations on Electricity." He was also, as the illustrations on this page prove, an exceedingly able etcher in the manner of Rembrandt. I had better continue the story more or less in Wilson's own words as related by J. T. Smith, that incorrigible and amusing purveyor of anecdotes to whom we owe so much



3. BENJAMIN WILSON: A SELF-PORTRAIT ETCHING BY A COMPETENT ARTIST WHO COULD SUCCESSFULLY IMITATE THE STYLE OF REMBRANDT.

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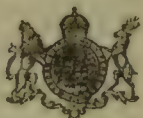


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COLLECTORS' TABLE TALK— AND A WORD TO CHRISTMAS-PRESENT BUYERS.

THE odd little story told by Frank Davis on another page of this issue is a reminder that a civilised community at all periods of the world's history has invariably contained a number of individuals who have made it their hobby—and sometimes their consuming passion—to gather round them as many choice works of art as their means would allow. Fashions, of course, have changed from century to century, and the gods of one generation have not always been worshipped by the next; but, as far as Europe is concerned, there has been a very general consensus of opinion as to what has been, in the strictest sense of the term, worth while. Our own people have certainly been incorrigible and, on the whole, highly intelligent patrons both of artists and dealers, and there still exist in this country immense accumulations, mostly acquired during the eighteenth century, which are at once the despair and the envy of Continental connoisseurs. In one case at least we have been thoroughly consistent, whatever the particular fad of the moment, however much we have been tempted by a passion for a half-understood classicism, and whatever our pundits, such as Sir Joshua, have said about the glories of the Venetians: we have never yet faltered in our admiration for Rembrandt. We acquired his pictures steadily throughout the eighteenth century, and when the French Revolution threw so many



A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF MRS. PLEYDELL-RAILSTON'S MODELLED PORCELAIN FIGURES: "THE MIRACLE," WHICH WILL BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION OF HER WORK AT MESSRS. STONER AND EVANS'S.

The exhibition of modern Porcelain Figures and Portraits modelled by Mrs. Pleydell-Railston, opens at Messrs. Stoner and Evans' on December 4, and will last till the 24th. This is her first exhibition. The Queen has acquired one of her models for the Royal Collection.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans, 3, King Street, S.W.1.



"MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY": A PORTRAIT IN PORCELAIN BY MRS. PLEYDELL-RAILSTON.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Messrs. Stoner and Evans.

fine things on the market, we continued the good

work with an enthusiasm founded upon profound conviction. In this respect one can even say a good word for George IV., for it was he who bought that fine Rembrandt, "The Shipbuilder and his Wife," in the Buckingham Palace Collection, together with many other precious Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century.

It is a curious little world we see through the pages of "Nollekens and his Times," by J. T. Smith, once Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, and the voluminous tomes of the Farington Diary—a world of odd characters and absurd squabbles, dozens of print shops, several astute auctioneers, including, of course, the original Christie, whose portrait Gainsborough painted, all gesticulating in the dignified but very dirty London of the period, and all actuated by an obviously genuine passion for art. These were good times for artists; your Georgian collector very rightly bought pictures according to what he thought were their merits, and not only because of their age. He would acquire a Vandyke, and the next day take care his wife was painted by Reynolds. He had his blind spots, of course: R. Wilson was a trifle beyond him, and the young Turner was looked upon as a dangerous

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revolutionary; worst of all, the beauties of Westminster Abbey were concealed behind the most banal array of sculpture ever conceived by the mind of man. There was a large gathering at Christie's when Rembrandt's "The Woman Taken in Adultery" came on view; Lawrence was enchanted with it, and actually made Mr. Angerstein—the founder of the National Gallery—buy it; Lord This and That were present, and the affair kept all London



BY A NOTED ENGLISH IMPRESSIONIST WHOSE WORK MAY ALWAYS BE SEEN AT BARBIZON HOUSE: "FISHING-BOATS AT MALDON," BY P. WILSON STEER, O.M., WHO IS FAMOUS, IN PARTICULAR, FOR HIS WATER-COLOURS. (12½ BY 9 IN.)

Examples of the work of P. Wilson Steer are always to be found at Barbizon House. Furthermore, this important gallery will be the scene of an exhibition of Sir George Clausen's work, opening on December 1. Sir George Clausen is one of the senior members of the Royal Academy, and for nearly half a century has been accepted as one of the leaders of landscape painting. The exhibition in question consists of working drawings in pencil and water-colour covering a period of many years; and it includes the preliminary studies for some of the artist's best-known pictures. All the drawings are priced at 15 guineas.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Barbizon House, 9, Henrietta Street, W.1.

talking for a month, much as all London has been talking about the Castle Howard Holbein this autumn.

It so happens that the vivid picture of Napoleonic England painted by the diarists is illustrated with biting sarcasm by the hand of Rowlandson. He makes no concessions to romance, and the bubble of sentimentality bursts at once—there is one puff, and all the sugary sweetness of convention dissolves: a few acid strokes, and there is England, coarse, bedraggled, brutal, but magnificently robust, gambling, fighting, love-making, intensely alive. His country scenes are superb.

With all respect to several able contemporaries, we doubt if the like of Rowlandson's peculiarly incisive, nervous line has since been produced in

(Continued overleaf)



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"PUNCH," BY CECIL OSBORNE: AN OUTSTANDING PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION HELD BY THE EAST LONDON GROUP IN KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

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A SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE LITTLE FIGURE OF THE BUDDHIST GODDESS KWAN-YIN STANDING ON A DRAGON: A CH'EN LUNG MASTERPIECE IN SOAPSTONE TO BE SEEN AT MESSRS. JOHN SPARKS'S. (13½ IN. HIGH, WITH STAND.)

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and not self-advertisement, and it says much for our greatly maligned civilisation that our most distinguished—indeed, our only impressionist—painter, who has been the inspiration of a whole generation, should have been given an honour which is really worth obtaining, the Order of Merit.

In one respect our ancestors were unfortunate: they knew next to nothing of Chinese porcelain. It was fashionable enough, and no house was complete without its china-cabinet, but it was looked upon as curious rather than beautiful, and the earlier wares were little understood.

It is gratifying to note that our present knowledge of porcelain is equal to the enthusiasm of eighteenth-century England for the products of Bow and Chelsea, and that there are several potters working now who can equal—and excel—those early efforts. Their work has great charm; and incidentally, we suggest, provides a choice of admirable Christmas presents that will flatter the good taste of both giver and receiver. A great many people seem to retain the idea that antiques and pictures are necessarily expensive. This is far from being the case, of course, both as regards modern works and antiques. Things capable of giving endless pleasure may be had for a few guineas. The younger painters, for instance, are legion, competent, and sometimes of rare vision: and, incidentally, art, as is evident from the Exhibition of the East London Group, can flourish as vigorously in Bethnal Green as in more delectable Chelsea.



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE FINE WORK OF THE EAST LONDON GROUP: "FISHERMEN," BY PHYLLIS BRAY.

The East London Group, as many of our readers are aware, started as an informal Art Club, meeting in a room near Bow Road. It began exhibiting at Whitechapel, whence it proceeded in 1929 to invade the West End. The little band of artists gathered round Mr. John Cooper do not combine the picturesque with the paintable. They find pictorial values in, and know how to invest with interest, the most prosaic, featureless, and uninviting scenes of slum-land, factory districts, and work-a-day East London.

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PONTRESINA, IN THE ENGADINE, FAMOUS FOR ITS SKI-JUMP, THE BERGINA LEAD: A VIEW SHOWING THE GRAND HOTEL ROSEGG IN THE FOREGROUND, THE ROSEGG GLACIER IN THE BACKGROUND, AND THE BERGINA RAILWAY IN THE CENTRE.—[Photograph by Engeline Press.]

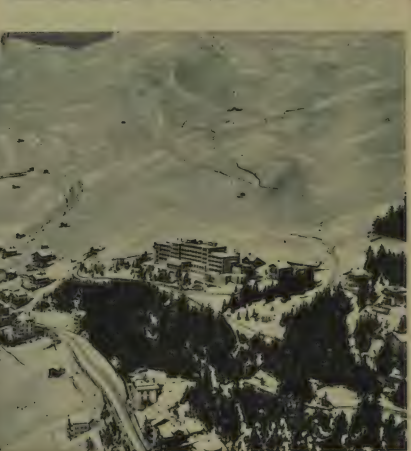
THE popularity of the winter-sports holiday is undoubted. Certainly it has been under the clouds of world depression for the last two seasons, but this year a very gallant effort has been made by the gold standard countries to adapt prices to suit the purses of English visitors to winter-sports centres, and prospects for the season are quite bright. Time was when Switzerland was the only country offering comfortable hotel accommodation and organised winter sports, but in late years many other countries have entered into competition, and now the choice of a centre for a winter-sports holiday is a very wide one. Switzerland is still far ahead of her competitors in the number of centres available for winter sports, and she yields to none in the comfort and luxury of her hotels, the excellence of her system of transport, especially in the provision of funicular railways, opening up the highest altitudes, and in the organisation of sports facilities on an all-round nature. The winter-sports territory in Switzerland may be divided up into five areas—the Engadine and Grisons, in the east; the Bernese Oberland; the Lucerne district, in Central Switzerland; the Rhone Valley and Lake of Geneva



PLAYGROUNDS IN THE SNOWS: FAVOURED

By EDWARD E. LONG.

mountains, to suit everybody's standard, even that of the expert. And then in St. Moritz you can see some of the best ski-jumping and professional skating in the world, and there is a horse-racing and ski-joring meeting which, for thrills and novelty, stands in a class by itself. A pleasant sleigh-ride from St. Moritz, along by the lakes of Silvaplana and Sils, leads to Maloja, which has a variety of fine ski-runs, and, usually, good snow, for its height—6,000 ft—is nearly that of St. Moritz, and, in another direction, lower down, in the Valley of the Inn, are Corviglia-Sanmario, both well equipped with hotels, and each with good ski-fields close at hand; whilst near by, on a sheltered terrace at the foot of the Bernina Pass, in a wide and very beautiful valley, is Pontresina, which has some of the wildest mountain scenery imaginable, and is in an ideal situation for good skiing. It has some of the best nursery slopes in Switzerland, and it is a splendid centre for tourists. In this respect it has the great advantage of the Muriel Muriel funicular, and of being on the Bernina Railway, which runs up the Bernina ski-ing fields and makes available the run from Hospiz Station across the Pass to Poschiavo; also runs to the Heu Tal and



AROSA, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN WINTER-SPORTS CENTRES IN THE GRISONS, SITUATED 6,000 FT. UP: A VIEW OF THE EXTENSIVE SKI-FIELDS, AND (RIGHT) THE TWO-MILE ROHRSCHNEE, WITH THE GRAND HOTEL TSCHUGGEN IN THE CENTRE.

Photograph by C. Brandy, Arosa.

Alp Stretta, the Diavolezza Hut, and the Morteratsch Glacier. Ski-ing in the Rosegg region, which is a game preserve, affords most interesting views of chamois; I have come almost upon them in the course of a run. Pontresina has a good ski-jump, bob- and toboggan-runs, and very fine ice-rinks; whilst its hotels are all that one can wish for. Zerm is another pleasant winter-sports centre in the Engadine, with attractive ski-fields and some interesting runs, particularly those to Helvar and Arpigna. In the Grisons, Davos has many claims to fame. It is the oldest winter-sports centre in Switzerland, and has some of the finest and largest skating rinks in the country, on which World and European Championships are often decided, and ice hockey is a great feature. The Davos English Ski Club is the oldest of all English ski clubs, and recently a splendid new skiing area has been added to that which Davos had in the past—the famous ski-fields of the Tarnen, opened up by the Parsenn funicular railway. Another excellent skiing centre in the Grisons is Arosa, which has a beautiful situation at the head of the Pleissur Valley. Its height secures, for it, generally, a very good snow-fall, and its open position, abundant sunshine. Skitours to the Horn, to the Engadine, the Arosa Weisshorn, and the Arosa Rothorn, with particularly safe and good snow conditions, are one of Arosa's most attractive features; others, a two-mile

ST. MORITZ AND ITS BIG HOTELS: THE GRAND HOTEL (CENTRE, JUST ABOVE THE LAKE); NEAR IT (LEFT) THE PALACE; BY ITSIDE (RIGHT) THE CARLTON; AND (IMMEDIATELY ABOVE) THE KULM.—[Photograph by A. Steiner, St. Moritz.]

district, in the south; and the Jura district, in the west. The Queen of the Engadine, and the winter-sports capital of Switzerland, St. Moritz, has a wonderful setting, on a hillside, facing the south, with a wide expanse of frozen lake fronting it; and all around high mountain ranges, their lower slopes thickly clothed with forests of fir and pine. So great is the natural beauty of the place in the winter-time, and so many are the walks and sleigh-rides which reveal it, that numbers of visitors count it an attraction almost as strong as that of winter sports. St. Moritz has an extraordinary charm of its own. It has a life that is as gay as that of a Continental capital, with hotels unsurpassed in the luxury of their cuisine and appointments; but it has other hotels, where you may live quietly, if you wish to do so; and when you feel inclined for a night out, the resources of the "Big Five" are at your disposal. In fact, in St. Moritz you can do just as you please; it is large enough for that, and sport and amusements are organised so thoroughly that there is always something interesting to do, and to see. There are facilities, the best of their kind, for every form of winter sports: skating on many large rinks, curling, tobogganing—on the finest run in the lake—bob-sleighing, and ski-ing up at Corviglia, served by a funicular railway, and amid the surrounding

ENGLERBERG, DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED IN THE "VALLEY OF THE ANGELS"; WITH SOME OF THE FIVE HOTELS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND: A WINTER-SPORTS CENTRE WITH THE GERSCHINI ALP (4,400 FT.) AND TRÜBSCH SKIING FIELDS (6,000 FT.) EASILY ACCESSIBLE BY FUNICULARS.

Photograph by K. Messer, Engeline.

RESORTS THAT TEMPT THE WINTER-SPORTER.

C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

bob-sleigh run, spacious ice-rinks, for ice-hockey, skating and curling, and on which gymnastics are held frequently, and ski-joring; and its hotels have a reputation for good cuisine and for making visitors thoroughly comfortable. Other Grisons centres are Klosters, which has an English ski-club, and such fine ski-fields that the Ski Club of Great Britain is holding its championship races there from January 5 to 8 next; Lenzerheide, which is becoming more and more popular for its skiing facilities; and Scuol-Tarasp, and Flims. Central Switzerland has three winter-sports centres, two of which are old-established favourites—Engelberg and Andermatt. The former lies, most picturesquely, in a high, open, sunny valley, with lofty mountains rising in all directions, and is famous for its skiing, the recent to which is made easy by two funicular railways—the Gerschni and the Trubsee—and is has the only covered rink in Switzerland for curling, a very sporting two-mile bob-sleigh run, and hotels which are first-class in every respect; the latter, just off the main St. Gotthard line, delights visitors with its magnificent ski-ing fields, and it is a centre well favoured in the matter of snow-fall. There are short tours to the St. Gotthard, Oberalpsee, and the Cadlimo Hut, and long tours to the Furka Pass and the



GRINDELWALD, FAMOUS FOR ITS SKI-RACES, SEEN FROM A DISTANCE: THE RESORT NESTLED AT THE FOOT OF THE WETTERHORN (LEFT), AND THE METTENBERG (RIGHT); WITH THE SHARP OUTLINE OF THE CREST OF THE SCHRECKHORN SEEN JUST BEHIND THE METTENBERG.—[Photograph by K. Schädli, Grindelwald.]

Rhone Glacier, and the funiculars enable ski-ers to get all the downhill running they require. The Swiss Ski Championship Meeting is to be held at Andermatt, February 24. The third resort, Rigi-Kaltbad, is of recent development. It has moderate facilities for sports, with good accommodation and one of the finest and most comprehensive panoramic views in Switzerland. In the famous winter-sports region of the Bernese Oberland, the most popular resort is Wengen, and the reason is not hard to discover, for it is very accessible, from Interlaken, it has a fine open situation, on a commanding plateau above the Lauterbrunnen Valley, with the magnificent scenery of the Jungfrau Range, and its facilities for winter sports of all kinds are of the best, whilst its large in the matter of accommodation extends from small, low-priced hotels, to large ones possessing the most up-to-date appointments. As a centre for ski-ing instruction and for tours it is admirable, the Wengen Alp and Jungfrau

WENGEN, ANOTHER FAMOUS RESORT IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, SITUATED IN THE NEXT VALLEY TO GRINDELWALD: A VIEW LOOKING DOWN INTO THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY OVER THE PINE SKIING SLOPES; THE JUNGFRAU RISING IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.

Photograph by Galt, Wengen.



AT CAUX, THE POPULAR RESORT ABOVE MONTREUX: THE ICE-RINK OF THE CAUX PALACE HOTEL, FROM WHICH THERE IS A LOVELY VIEW—THE ROCHERS DE NAYE BEING VISIBLE HIGH UP ON THE RIGHT.—[Photograph by Montreux-Termes Studios.]

has the longest constructed bob-sleigh run in Switzerland, served by a funicular which gives access also to the well-shaded skiing slopes of the Elger. Opposite Wengen Alp, across the Lauterbrunnen Valley, is Mürren, one of the "strongholds" of ski-ers; with practice slopes on which highly-skilled instructors impart proficiency to skiing enthusiasts, generally good powder snow, and a variety of interesting runs, and with a little funicular up to the Alpnahof, whence there is a delightful dash down to home, which, often repeated, gives thousands of feet of downhill running. Mürren has many other attractions, fine ice, and the Penguin Skating Club (which turns out Chick, Silver, and Gold Penguins), good curling, and splendid hotels. Other well-known centres in the Oberland are Kandertsee, in the Loetschen Valley, where the curling is always so good that it is the headquarters for the Thomas Cook and Son Challenge Shield curling competition; Adelboden, with a beautiful view of the Wildstrubel, a ski club, and a reputation amongst ski-ers to which the Hahnenmoos Run has made a large contribution; Lenk, well organised for all forms of winter sport; Gstaad, on the Montreux-



A SWISS HOTEL IN A SINGULARLY FINE SITUATION: THE KURHAUS BELLEVUE HOTEL, SCHEIDEGG (BERNESE OBERLAND), SET AT THE FOOT OF THE BERNESE ALPS IN THE JUNGFRAU RANGE; WITH CROWDS OF SKI-ERS SUNNING THEMSELVES ALONG THE HOTEL FRONT; AND THE WETTERHORN SEEN ON THE LEFT.—[Photograph by Galt, Wengen.]

Bernese Oberland Railway, at the mouth of the Lauterbrunnen Valley, a favourite rendezvous for ski-ers, with a five-mile bob-sleigh run down the Saanenmoos road; Saanenmoos and Zweisimmen, also on this line; Gurnigel, which has the advantage of being an all-round winter-sports centre, with one of the largest of hotels, and not far from Lenk, the capital of Switzerland; Grindelwald, some 5,000 ft. up, reached from Reichenbach, on the Lentschberg-Simplon Railway; Grimmelalp, at the head of the Dientiggen Valley, and which is reached by sleigh from the Oey-Dientiggen station on the Spiez-Zweisimmen line; Reichenbach, situated above Lake Thun, which has a splendid panorama of the mountains, including the Jungfrau Range, the Blümlisalp, and the Doldenhorn; and Brünnli-Hausli, high up on the Brein Railway, between Lucerne and Interlaken, a small winter-sports centre of great beauty. Caux has a magnificent situation as a winter-sports centre, overlooking the Bay of Lake of Geneva, directly above Montreux, with a glorious view of the Alps of Savoy and the Dents du Midi, and this view is seen in perfection from the terraces of the Caux Palace Hotel, which is one of the finest in Europe, and in and around which are centred all the indoor amusements and outdoor recreation of the place. The Caux Palace is so large and has such a splendid sports organisation

(Continued overleaf)

that it is, in reality, a magnificent country club, with excellent facilities for all kinds of winter sport. It has a large ice-rink for curling and skating, a luge-run, a bobsleigh run which was once chosen for the World's Bobsleigh Championship, and safe and easy practice-slopes for ski-beginners; whilst a funicular to the Jaman, just below the Rochers de Naye, which top 6000 ft., gives access to fine ski-fields there, and a delightful downhill run back to Caux. And another diversion is a trip down to Montreux—and the Palace.

Across the valley near by is the pretty little centre of Les Avants; further along, on the Montreux-Bernese-Oberland Railway, is Chateau d'Oex; and along the Valley of the Rhône, which it overlooks, is Villars, with its large hotel, the centre of an organisation similar to that of Caux, and with ski-ing slopes up at the Chamossaire, served by a funicular, which are all that one can wish for. Not far off, in the Ormont Valley, are Diablerets, with a splendid view of the gigantic mountain from which it takes its name, and the centre of a fine ski-ing district; and Morgins, a great skating centre and with superb ski-fields. And further up the Rhône Valley are Leukerbad, a good centre for touring the Wildstrubel, Torrenthorn, and Gitzi-Furka region; and Crans, near to Montana, which is favoured in the important matter of sunshine and has a small, free funicular!

South of the Rhône, near the Italian frontier and the majestic Matterhorn, of which it has a splendid view, is Zermatt, famous for its ski-ers and the grounds on which they acquired their skill. Here are all kinds of ski-runs, and a mountain railway, the Gornergrat, which affords an opportunity of 6000 feet of downhill run, with first-class ski-tours, which include the Breithorn and Monte Rosa; and Zermatt has other good sports facilities. In the Jura winter-sports district of Switzerland are Les Rasses and St. Cergue, both with a charming situation, the former amongst pine woods overlooking the Jura Range; the latter with a fine view of the Lake of Geneva and the Savoy Alps, and the very great attraction of the Dôle, the delights of which render a visit to St. Cergue extremely worth while.

excellent practice-grounds for ski-ers, and it gives a choice of no fewer than fifty-four different ski-descents! A favourite run for the expert climber is the Kitzbühelhorn, from which there is a fine panoramic view; whilst those who want a downhill run only can ascend the Hahnenkamm by cable railway and ski down. Kitzbühel boasts a ski-club, a mile-long bobsleigh-run, a toboggan-run, and skating-rinks;



INNSBRUCK LOOKING ITS PRETTIEST UNDER A MANTLE OF SNOW: A VIEW WHICH SHOWS THE PROXIMITY OF THE MOUNTAINS, WHERE THERE ARE FINE SKI-ING FIELDS, ACCESSIBLE BY MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS.

Photograph by Sepp Rüser and Elis Braunhoff.

and, with indoor amusements as well organised as the outdoor ones, it is a very desirable winter-sports centre. Likewise St. Anton, in the Arlberg, which is a smaller place, but one with such a reputation for ski-ing that it has become the headquarters of the famous Hannes Schneider Ski-ing School; and here, during the season, you will see the Kandahar Ski Races, which are productive of the finest ski-ing. Charming excursions are possible

from St. Anton, and one of the best of these is to the quaint little mountain hospice of St. Christoph.

There are still smaller centres, tucked right away amongst the mountains, and ideal for ski-ing and touring, where you are certain to find snow, and the right kind of snow, from November to April; and where there is good, comfortable hotel accommodation, such as Züers, 5600 ft. up on the western side of the Arlberg, with interesting expeditions to the Trittkopf and the Madloch Peak; Obladis, which gives runs to Fiss, the Frommesalp, and to the Schonjochl; Ober-Gurgl, in the heart of the Oeatal

Alps, which, at 6359 ft. above sea-level, is the highest church-village in Europe, and which has ninety peaks of 10,000 ft. or over within its range, and thirty glaciers, an "Arctic Wonderland"; and Ober-Lech, which is another ski-ers' paradise.

In other parts of Austria there are attractive winter-sports centres: Zell am See and Bad Ischl, in the Salzburg district; Hofgastein and Badgastein, in the Gastein Valley; Klagenfurt, in Carinthia; Radstadt, in the Enns Valley; and, within two-hours' journey of Vienna, Semmering, which is the St. Moritz of Austria, with magnificent hotels, and splendid facilities for winter sports of all kinds, and where you can be certain of a thoroughly enjoyable winter-sports holiday.

FRANCE, ITALY, GERMANY, AND OTHER COUNTRIES.

France's principal winter-sports region lies among the Alps of Savoy, where, for many years past, Chamonix, which nestles between the mountain chains of the Mont Blanc group and the Aiguilles Rouges, has held high festival during the winter. Noted for its splendid skating-rink and other winter-sports facilities, especially the great Mont Blanc bob-run, it has good practice-slopes for ski-ers at the Col de Voza and the Col de Balne, a wide mountain region for ski excursions; while its many fine hotels make it a most enjoyable social centre. Not far from Chamonix is Megève, in an open valley, with ski-fields that are considered some of the best in France, an ice-rink and bob-run, and a good hotel, which stands above the picturesque, old-fashioned village; and Combloux, near by, with a fine view of Mont Blanc, is a pleasant little winter-sports resort.

Mont Revard, reached by a rack-railway from Aix-les-Bains, has recently become a popular winter-sports resort. It is situated on a wide plateau, at a height of 5085 ft., ten miles long by five broad, with views of the Mont Blanc chain, the Dauphiné Mountains, the Rhône Valley, and the Grande Chartreuse, and possesses splendid snow-fields, where there is ideal ski-ing. A large skating-rink and a newly-erected P.L.M. hotel contribute to Mont Revard's success. In the Alps of the Dauphiné, Grenoble is a good winter-sports touring centre; and Saint-Pierre de Chartreuse and Villard-de-Lans are charming little spots for a holiday. Then, further south, is Briançon, 4326 ft. high, where the first French military ski-school was formed; and further south still, among the



WINTER SPORTS IN THE ITALIAN ALPS: CORTINA, "THE QUEEN OF THE DOLOMITES," SITUATED AMONG TOWERING MOUNTAINS OF FANTASTIC OUTLINE.

Photograph by Zardini, Cortina.

AUSTRIA, THE TYROL, AND OTHER CENTRES.

During recent years, Austria has made a rapid advance in popularity as a winter-sports country. A favourable rate of exchange has helped matters considerably, and this year there is the added incentive of helping the Austrians in their fight against the German tourist ban.

Visitors from this country patronise the Tyrol mostly, because it is the easiest of access of the Austrian winter-sports districts; and here you have a wide range of choice. If you wish to go to a large centre, with a gay life, and hotels of the first order, then you cannot do better than pay a visit to Innsbruck, capital of the Tyrol, and in every sense of the word a winter-sports "capital." Here you have a delightful old-world city, with extremely picturesque surroundings, organised thoroughly for winter sports, and you can spend your days in skating—on the second largest rink in Austria—in bobsleighing, or on a luge-run; or, by mountain railway, you can get up amongst the surrounding mountains and have some of the most enjoyable ski-ing possible, and then return to the city to spend your evening at the theatre, or cinema, or in dancing. Innsbruck lets itself go in the matter of winter sports, and if you time your visit for about the last week in January, you will be there for the International Winter-Sport Week, when championships will be decided in skating, bobsleighing and lugeing, ice-hockey, and ski-racing and jumping.

Smaller centres, but each with a good selection of hotels and a very pleasant social life, are Seefeld, Kitzbühel, and St. Anton. Seefeld lies north of Innsbruck, in a wide, open valley surrounded by mountains, and on the grassy slopes leading to these are splendid ski-ing-fields, whilst skating-rinks, a toboggan-run, and a ski-jump add to its attractions. Kitzbühel has



THE ATTRactions OF AUSTRIA AS A WINTER-SPORTS FIELD: ST. ANTON, IN THE ARLBERG (TYROL); NOTED FOR ITS SCHOOL OF SKI-ING AND ITS FINE SKI-FIELDS.

Photograph by Austrian Federal Railways.

Alpes Maritimes, and not far from Nice, from which they can be visited in a day, are Peira-Cava and Beuil, with good ski-ing and magnificent views. Lastly, in the Middle Pyrenees, 6000 ft. up on a plateau, with a wonderful panoramic view, is Superbagnères, where you have your choice of an excellent variety of ski-ing slopes, and a rack-railway to take you up for a good ski down; a huge skating-rink, a fine bob-run, and a hotel which ranks high amongst the leading hotels of France, and has made Superbagnères one of the leading French winter-sports resorts.

With Sestrières, the new winter-sports resort in the Graian Alps, in Piedmont, just across the French-Italian border, and on the main line from Paris to Rome, Italy is making a very attractive appeal to lovers of winter sport, for Sestrières is undoubtedly a splendid centre for ski-ing. It has the height (6600 ft.), an open, sunny situation in a broad valley, with undulating ground and high mountains round, accessible to ski-ers by funiculars, with numbers of excellent ski-runs, and you are sure of snow. With its large, modern hotels, good rink accommodation for skaters and curlers, and its extensive ski-fields, Sestrières bids fair to become a very popular place for winter sports. Clavières, also in Piedmont, and not far from Sestrières, is a good centre; and others in Italy are Cortina, beautifully situated in the Dolomites, with a very dry climate, plenty of sunshine, good opportunities for ski-ing, and facilities for all other forms of winter sport, and first-class hotels; Ortisei, Santa Cristina, and Selva, in the charming Gardena Valley; Vipiteno, on the Verona-Brennero line, which has the longest bobsleigh-run in Italy and a good centre for excursions into the Breonian Alps; and Madesimo, on the Spluga, not far from Chiavenna, which has a good sports organisation and very picturesque winter scenery.

[Continued overleaf.]



A WINTER VIEW OF CHAMONIX, DWARFED BY ITS TREMENDOUS BACKGROUND OF THE ALPS: A WINTER-SPORTS CENTRE ALMOST AT THE FOOT OF MONT BLANC; WITH A NUMBER OF FINE HOTELS, WHICH FORM A PROMINENT FEATURE OF THIS ASPECT OF THE TOWN.

Photograph by Photographic Alpine; Tairras-Chamonix.

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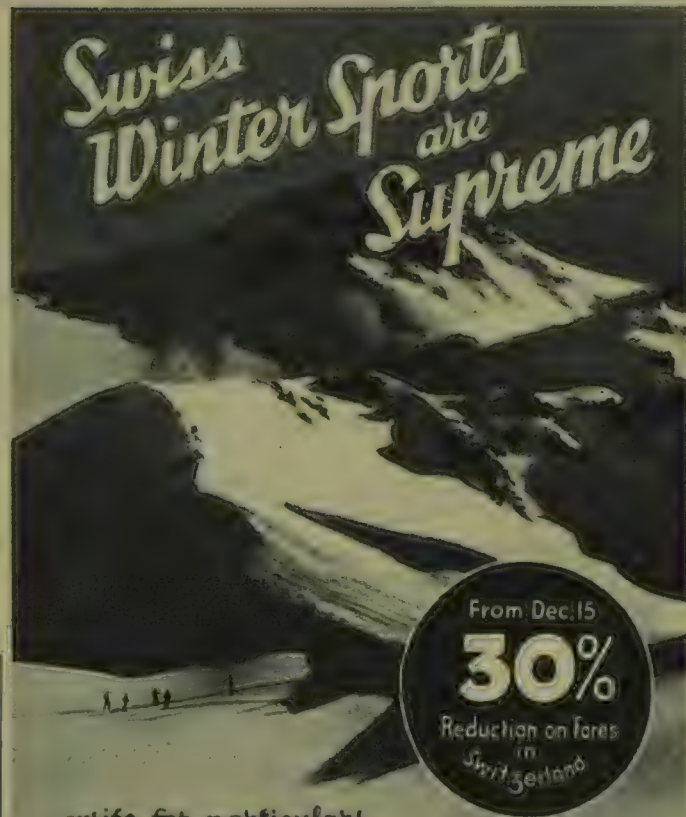
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Continued..

Germany has several winter-sports resorts in the Bavarian Alps, within easy distance of Munich—Garmisch-Partenkirchen, in a beautiful situation at the foot of the Zugspitze (9720 ft.), Germany's highest mountain, from which the Zugspitze railway leads to Schneefernerhaus (8746 ft.), with good winter-sports facilities and a large



A FINE WINTER-SPORTS AREA IN NORWAY: THE SPLENDID SKI-ING FIELDS AT FINSE, THE HIGHEST OF THE NORWEGIAN WINTER-SPORTS RESORTS; WITH FINSE STATION, ON THE NORWEGIAN STATE RAILWAYS, AND THE FINSE HOTEL IN THE FOREGROUND.

Photograph by Eneret Wilsø, Oslo.

hotel, and in which region the Fourth Olympic Winter Games are to be held in February 1936; Oberstdorf-Allgau, which has good practice-slopes on the Karatsbüchel, and a funicular up the Nebelhorn (7298 ft.); and Oberammergau, the pretty little village of the Passion Play, with a toboggan-run, fine ski-slopes, and a centre for interesting tours. Other centres offering winter sports and good accommodation are Titisee and Triberg, in the Black Forest, the former the starting-point for excursions to the Feldberg, one of the finest of German ski-fields, and the latter noted for its fine scenery; Berchtesgaden, in South Bavaria, which has a ski-ing school and a fine ski-jump, and where the German Ski-ing Championship meeting will be held from Feb. 8 to 12; and Schierke, a beautiful spot in the Hartz Mountains.

In the High Tatra, the most picturesque section of the Central Carpathians, Czecho-Slovakia possesses, in Starý Smokovec, one of the most attractive winter-sports resorts in Central and Eastern Europe; and another at Strbské Pleso, on a southern slope of the Tatra Mountains; whilst Poland, amongst several centres, has an excellent one at Zakopane, in the Carpathians, where there are opportunities for every kind of winter sport, and which was chosen, in 1929, as the centre for the International Ski Contests.

NORWAY—AND SWEDEN.

Just outside the Norwegian capital, Oslo, housed very appropriately on a slope of the Holmenkollen Mountain,



WINTER SPORTS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: A MERRY PARTY OF FAIR SKI-ERS AND SNOW-SHOERS (OR RAQUETTEURS, AS THEY WOULD BE CALLED IN QUEBEC), AT BANFF; WITH WINTER SCENERY OF CHARACTERISTIC MAGNIFICENCE.

Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway.

there is a very interesting Ski Museum, in which are shown ski dating from Neolithic times, discovered in Norway, and the ski on which Nansen crossed Greenland. And so, throughout the ages, Norway has been the home of ski-ing, and it offers this sport to-day in a form which is unequalled in any other country. Ice action, on a gigantic scale,

during the great Ice Age, rubbed the sharp edges off the mountain-tops in Norway, leaving the ranges with undulating contours, offering wonderful opportunities for ski-ing; and over these extensive ski-fields vast distances can be covered on ski, and in safety, for there is no danger of avalanches, and the snow is dry and firm. Under a blue sky, in blazing sunshine, you run for miles and miles on your ski, with a gently graded rise and fall, and with these conditions you experience the fullest enjoyment ski-ing can afford.

Scattered all over Norway you will find these ski-fields, chief among them the Hardangervidda; and in the pleasant valleys below there are quaint old-world villages, with often a modern hostelry, where you will dine well and sleep well, and where you can always be certain of a right good welcome—from those in whom the love of winter sports is bred.

Fast steamers of the B. and N. Line take you from Newcastle to Bergen under twenty-four hours, and from there it is possible, by the Norwegian State Railways, and connecting motor services, to reach all the winter-sports centres in Norway quickly, and in comfort. A few hours' rail journey from Bergen takes you to Finse (4000 ft.), highest of the winter-sports centres, where you can ski, on the best of snow, from November to May, and where there are a very large skating-rink and a fine hotel. Long before you reach Finse, however, available from Voss Station by motor-bus, is Stalheim, the centre for an extremely beautiful mountain district, where the ski-runs are many and good; and further along the line from Finse are Haugastøl,



A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN WINTER LANDSCAPE IN THE MOUNTAINS: SKI-ING SLOPES AT USTAASET; SHOWING THE QUAINT LITTLE PRIVATE CHALET WHICH ARE RENTED FOR THE WINTER SEASON.

Photograph by Eneret Wilsø, Oslo.

Ustaaset, and Geilo, each with a good hotel and extensive ski-ing fields close at hand; and the great attraction of these, late in the season, is the large amount of sunshine they receive daily—ten to fifteen hours!

If you travel direct from Bergen to Oslo by rail, or direct from this country by sea, by the Olsen Line, you will find there splendid opportunities for ski-ing in the Nordmarken woods, which run north of the city for several miles, and some of the world's best ski-jumping, at the Holmenkollen Jump, and you will be able to toboggan on the famous "Corkscrew" run, and to have your choice of several fine skating-rinks, which are illuminated at night. Oslo has many large hotels and restaurants, theatres, concert-halls, and cinemas, and the city is in one of its gayest moods during the winter season.

Near to Oslo is the winter-sports centre of Mjølsfjell, which has some good ski-ing slopes and enjoyable downhill running; a little further afield are Lillehammer, a picturesque little town on Lake Mjøsa, the largest lake in Norway, where, in the hills close by, there is some fine ski-running country; and Hösbyör, also on Lake Mjøsa. And then, on the Oslo-Trondheim line, there are Bessheim, among the great Jotunheim Mountains, with all kinds of ski-ing available; Fefor, overlooking the lake of that name, surrounded by pine forest and open mountain country; and Dombås and Opdal, near to the Dovre and Trollheimen mountain ranges, with excellent ski-fields.

Sweden, accessible to winter-sports visitors in a twenty-seven-hour run from Tilbury to Gothenburg, by steamers of the Swedish-Lloyd Line, has for one of its chief attractions in winter sport ice-yachting on its many large lakes, and skate-sailing. It has some good ski-fields also, and tobogganing is a popular pastime. Hindås, within an hour's journey of Gothenburg, has facilities for ski-ing, skating, ice-yachting, and tobogganing. Other resorts available from Stockholm by railway are Åre, on the slopes of Mount Åreskutan (4656 ft.), where there is fine ski-ing, skating, and curling; Storlien, a favourite ski-running centre; Rättvik and Siljausborg, in the charming Dalecarlian country; Filipstad, in Eastern Värmland; and Saltsjöbaden,

CANADA—QUEBEC AND THE ROCKIES.

In these days of speedy Atlantic crossings, on luxurious Canadian Pacific liners, it is not a far cry to Canada, and once there you will find, in Quebec, every variety of winter sport known in Europe, and two which are probably peculiar to Canada—snow-shoeing and sleighing in a dog-drawn sleigh! You will also find one of the finest hostelries in the world, the Château Frontenac, as the headquarters of winter sport in Quebec. A stay there will enable you to toboggan down a triple run from the King's Bastion by day, to skate or curl on a splendid rink, illuminated at night, when often fancy-dress fêtes are held on the ice; to join a ski-ing party to Indian Lorette, Beaupré, or Boischatel; or over the ice-bridge to Ste. Petronille, on the Isle of Orleans; or to ride through the pine-woods in a sleigh, to the fascinating accompaniment of jingling bells, keeping time with the muffled hoof-beats of the horses on the snow! And the gaiety of Château Frontenac when nightfall comes, with dancing to the strains of a special orchestra, and all manner of indoor amusements, will leave you with never a dull moment.

Further afield, at Banff, in the heart of the great Canadian Rockies, you will receive just such another welcome, at either the King Edward, the Mount Royal, or the Cascade Hotel; and here you will be able to skate on the fine ice of the Bow River, to shoot down the toboggan run on Sulphur Mountain, see some of the finest ice-hockey in the world, and one of the jolliest of curling bonspiels, if you are there during Carnival time—from Feb. 4 to 7—when all kinds of winter-sports contests are held, and even Indians come in from outlying stations to join in the fun. Ski-jöring is a popular pastime in the winter in Banff. As for ski-ing, under the aegis of the Banff Ski Club, you will be taken up to the Mount Norquay Ski Camp, a thousand feet above Banff, and given opportunities there for all the sport you desire; and then, as the guest of the Camp Fire Committee, you will be given your fill of such novelties as sleighing and snow-shoeing, and taken for charming excursions.

Even India now indulges in winter sports. At Gulmarg, in Kashmir, on the north slopes of the Pir Panja Range, there are good ski-fields and a Ski Club, a skating-rink and a toboggan run; also a hotel which specialises in winter-sports visitors; and the beauty of Gulmarg in winter-time, with its glorious view of Nanga Parbat, 27,000 ft. in height, is such that, apart from the novelty of its winter sports, visitors to India would do well to make a trip to Kashmir to see it.

Wherever you wish to go for winter sport, you will find that the long experience of Thos. Cook and Son enables them to offer you the most reliable service in every direction, and their well-illustrated booklets, "Winter Sports," dealing with Switzerland, and "Winter Sports in

Many Lands," which deals with all other winter-sport countries. These are available, free of charge, at any of their branches, on application, personally, or by post, and afford the intending traveller a great deal of interesting and valuable information about winter sports and that special Thos. Cook winter-sport feature, the initiation party, and are likely to prove of the greatest assistance in choosing just the right spot required for a very enjoyable winter-sports holiday.



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA: CURLING IN PROGRESS ON THE ICE AT ST. AGATHE, QUEBEC.

Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway.

WINTER SPORTS at their best!

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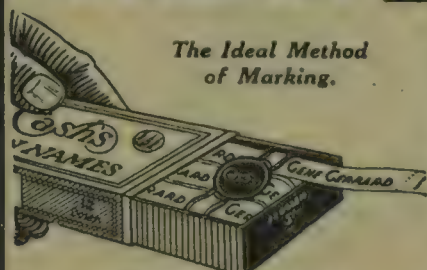
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Royal Automobile Club is very busy these days. In fact, so busy is the Road Department of the club that an additional 300 men are being engaged, through the local branches of the



THE RILEY MOTOR CLUB'S COTSWOLD "SIX" TRIAL FOR WOMEN ONLY: MISS M. PHILLIPS, WHO RECEIVED A FIRST-CLASS AWARD, IN THE WATER-SPLASH AT THE FOOT OF LIVERIDGE HILL.

British Legion, in order to permit the present regular Road Guides, in their familiar blue uniforms, to attend to their work of controlling traffic on the roads and giving assistance to associate members and members of the R.A.C. when necessary. These new men will be trained to look after the numerous official parks which the R.A.C. organise and control in all parts of the country, which up to recently have taken the guides off the roads to be put on special park duty by reason of the great increase in this work.

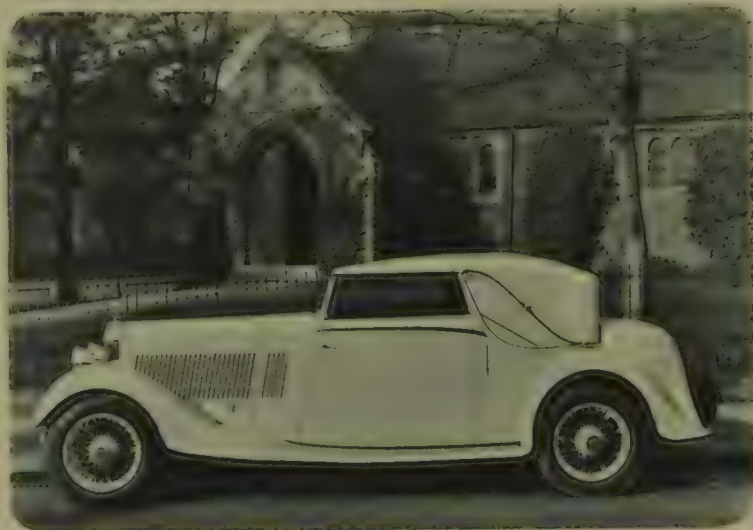
Members and associate members of the R.A.C. are getting wonderful value in help on the road from the club for their modest subscription, as at the present time the R.A.C. are sign-posting the roads of fifty-one counties of Great Britain. The club supplies these officially recognised signs free of cost to the county authorities. Another not-so-well-known fact is that most of the road-signs other than those erected by the club are not officially recognised as correct by the Ministry of Transport. For instance, the official parking-place sign is a circular disc with the letter "P" in white on a light-blue ground; yet the City of Edinburgh erected a yellow parking sign recently, as if its City Council had entirely forgotten the official signs to be erected, as sent to them by the Ministry of Transport many months before they erected this sign.

At the recently held Public Works Exhibition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, motorists had the opportunity of seeing for the first time a complete range of the new road signs officially approved by the special departmental committee of the Ministry of Transport. The R.A.C. exhibited these in their stand in the Gallery of that Hall, and makers of such signs also showed them on the ground-floor hall. Illuminated pillars, reflecting signs, mirrors, cross-road indicators, and other devices, as well as the now familiar "Eva" red, yellow, and green lamps, were on view, as evidence that road authorities are endeavouring to take every possible precaution to procure greater safety to all road users.

The Scottish Motor Show, held at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, had a number of interesting features which were not shown at Olympia. In the historic section, for instance, there was a 1904 Siddeley car and a 1904 Armstrong-Whitworth car, built under the Wilson-Pilcher patents. Now, the Siddeley and Armstrong firms joined forces in 1919, and later produced the Armstrong-Siddeley car. In 1928, after some years of experiments, the Armstrong-Siddeley

car adopted the Wilson patent pre-selector gear-box, which was a modification of the gear-box to be seen on the 1904 Armstrong-Whitworth car at Glasgow. That car not only incorporates the forerunner of the self-changing gear-box, but really pioneered the present flexibly mounted engine (or "floating power") unit construction for the engine and gear-box, and a propeller-shaft enclosed in a torque tube. So the longer one lives, the less there appears to be really new in motor design.

Improvement in our English road-surfaces is making a great difference in the general suspension of our cars. Rolls-Royce, for instance, have recently despatched one of their latest 40-50-h.p. cars to the Rajah of Hathoura, specially adjusted for high speed over bad surfaces; but the testing of this car was difficult, as our roads are too good, so it had to go on the Continent for a final adjustment, so that it should fulfil the special requirements laid down by its purchaser. The body of this car, by the way, is unpainted, as it has highly polished aluminium panels, so that heat cannot affect its appearance.



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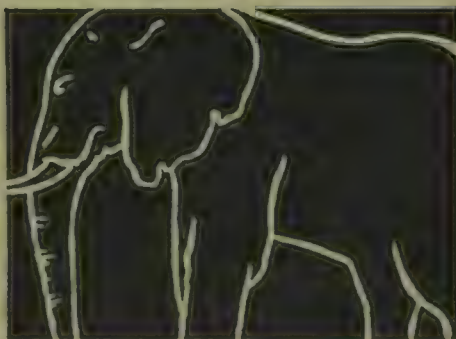
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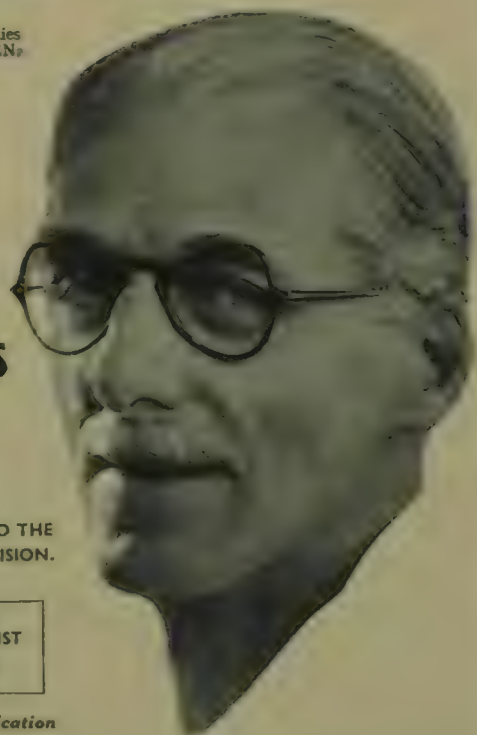
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"NIGHT CLUB QUEEN," AT THE PLAYHOUSE

IT is seldom that a dramatist follows up a successful first play with another of equal merit. Mr. Anthony Kimmins is no exception to this sad rule. His amusing and extremely cheeky comedy, "While Parents Sleep," has now been running for nearly two years, but it is unlikely that this, his second effort, will run as many months. What has happened to the hand that turned out the crisp dialogue in that first farce? Has unexpected success rendered it nerveless with terror at the fear it may not live up to such an entertaining standard? It seems like it. At all events, in "Night Club Queen" we get few of those lines that, regardless of their taste, raise a spontaneous laugh. Instead we have "words, words, words," that cry aloud for the condensation of the producer's blue pencil. Mrs. Smith, a would-be domesticated woman, to provide money for her budding-barrister son, runs, unknown to her crippled-journalist husband, a Night Club. To tide her over a seasonal slump, she takes into partnership a financier who induces her to sell alcohol after hours.

With the anticipated result (this being a play and not real life) that the place is raided. During this Night Club scene there are turns such as may be seen without dismay at most such places by the Misses Doris Long and Aileen Murphy as the Skylight Sisters, and Miss Betty Frankiss as Daphne O'Dare. But, apart from this, the whole act is long-winded and lacks any excitement. There is a sign of life during the third act, when all the complications are smoothed out, but not enough to atone for the preceding dullness. Had the author written this comedy-farce with the same light-hearted abandon he displayed in "While Parents Sleep," the play might have been very amusing. But he has failed to do so. Miss Edith Sharpe, Mr. O. B. Clarence, Mr. S. J. Warmington, Mr. Aubrey Mather, and Mr. Denier Warren played the leading rôles.

"PLEASE," AT THE SAVOY.

Mr. Andre Charlot's latest revue is a tuneful and amusing entertainment, with only one dull spot in it, a sketch entitled "Justice." The combination of Miss Beatrice Lillie and Mr. Lupino Lane is an excellent one, for their widely contrasted methods

balance each other perfectly. Miss Lillie, of course, gets her effects with an apparent minimum of effort. Her bored face, as from the port-hole of a liner she bids farewell to her relatives on the landing-stage, is a joy. Another triumph is her interpretation of Frisco Fanny with a song, "Virtue in a joint like this"; while wickedly clever was her satire on a "resting" actress paying sharp-edged compliments to a rival star after a first night. Whether as a golden-haired barmaid, explaining a Russian drama, or as a "Blues" singer, she scored with every appearance. Mr. Lupino Lane's more aggressive humour was equally effective; his performance on a trapeze while singing was both a vocal and physical feat. Mr. Frank Lawton was not an ideal choice for the rôle of juvenile, but he sang very pleasantly, danced agreeably, and acted, when called upon, very nicely. There was the usual ideal chorus, pretty frocks, and charming settings. One of the most picturesque scenes seen on the stage for a long time was the "Louisiana Hayride," in which the entire company, in old-world costumes, pile themselves on a home-going hay-wagon. A perfect finale to an ideal entertainment.

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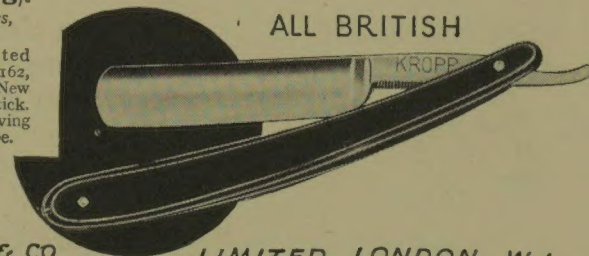
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